

MAGAZINE OF ART



THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS • WASHINGTON
OCTOBER, 1939 • FIFTY CENTS

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THE FEDERATION has recently published Handbook No. 4 of its National Exhibition Service, listing, in addition to its own exhibitions, the traveling shows of all major agencies, and with a wealth of exhibition reference data. A copy of this 48 page Handbook will be sent gladly upon request, at no obligation.

MAGAZINE OF ART

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THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS

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PREVIOUS ISSUES LISTED IN "ART INDEX" AND "THE READER'S GUIDE TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE"

CONTRIBUTORS

LIKE GLACKENS, Sloan, Luks and many more American painters **George Harding** started his career as an illustrator. He was a student of Howard Pyle's. This month Mr. Harding tells of some of his experiences as an official artist in France with the A. E. F. He is now an instructor in illustration and fresco painting at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. He has done numerous mural decorations, among the more recent of them being the panels for the U. S. Customs House and Appraiser's Stores, Philadelphia, the Post Office Department Building, Washington, and the Federal Building at the New York Fair.

Thomas T. Waterman is an architectural designer who is rapidly making a name for himself as a research specialist in the field of colonial architecture. For a number of years he was associated with the firm of Cram and Ferguson in Boston. More recently he has been working on the Historic American Buildings Survey under the National Park Service. In 1932 he collaborated with John A. Barrows on a book entitled *Domestic Colonial Architecture of Tidewater Virginia*.

WE HAVE JUST received a card from **Ernestine Carter** which amends the editorial note preceding her London Letter. She writes: "... One doesn't know what is going to happen but I hope to find time to send you something now and again...." From **Jacques Mauny** whose Paris Letters have appeared in recent issues we have no word.

READERS OF *The American Magazine of Art* in 1934, 1935, 1936 will recall articles by **Walter Curt Behrendt** then published in its pages. Prior to 1933 Dr. Behrendt was Baurat or Architectural Advisor to the Finance Minister of the German Republic and in that capacity strongly influenced German public architecture. He was also Editor of *Die Form*, one of the fine publications of its day. Dr. Behrendt lectured at Dartmouth College soon after arriving in the United States. He is now Technical Director of the Planning Research Station at the University of Buffalo. His review of the traveling exhibition of work by Mies van der Rohe, currently at the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo, appears on page 591.

IT SEEMED LOGICAL to turn to **Karl Free** for a review of the newly published Thomas Craven-Simon and Schuster *Treasury of American Prints*, for Mr. Free is not only Curator of Prints at the Whitney Museum of American Art, but also a print-maker in his own right. In spite of being established in New York at the present time, where he has held the post at the Whitney for several years, his knowledge of America is not confined to the Atlantic seaboard. He was born in Iowa in

1903 and first studied at the Tri-City Art League in Davenport. He was at one time employed as draftsman for a utilities company, later studied at the Art Students League under Joseph Pennell, Boardman Robinson, Allen Tucker and Kenneth Hayes Miller, engaged in the arduous task of illustrating the thirteenth edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* (1928), and traveled abroad.

BESIDES NUMEROUS MAGAZINE articles on musical subjects **David Ewen** is the author of *Composers of Today, From Bach to Stravinsky*, *The Man with the Baton*, *Twentieth Century Composers*, *Composers of Yesterday*. Mr. Ewen's article this month arrived successfully from Paris the first week of September. Mr. Ewen followed it home to Brooklyn with equal success.

FORTHCOMING

THOMAS EAKINS is certainly no discovery at this time. However, in the near future many of his sketches, studies and studio pictures will be shown to the public for the first time in New York galleries. As author of the definitive book on Eakins, **Lloyd Goodrich** is eminently qualified to discuss these more intimate works. Those we have seen throw new light on this giant of American painting. Mr. Goodrich will write about them in our November issue.

THE NEW SEASON is hard upon us. Its first big event will be the Carnegie International, safely selected before the fighting began and safely to be seen by free American neutrals. A well illustrated article on the International, possibly the last for some years, will be contributed to the November issue by **Helen Buchalter**, critic of the *Washington Daily News*.

PICTURES BY **Yasuo Kuniyoshi**, **Morris Kantor** and **Ward Lockwood** have already been selected for reproduction in color in our next series. At least one more selection is pending as we go to press.

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS

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Articles in the MAGAZINE OF ART represent many points of view. We do not expect concurrence from every quarter, not even among our contributors; we believe that writers are entitled to express opinions which differ widely. Although we do not assume responsibility for opinions expressed in any signed articles appearing in the MAGAZINE OF ART, we hold that to offer a forum in our pages is the best way to stimulate intelligent discussion and to increase active enjoyment of the arts.—THE EDITORS.



YASUO KUNIYOSHI: I'M TIRED. IN WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART'S CURRENT EXHIBITION OF WORKS IN ITS OWN COLLECTION

SLACKERS UNDER THE SKIN

IT HAS BEEN SAID OFTEN and often will be said again that when one portion of the world is in the grip of barbaric forces the rest of the world is doubly obligated to carry on civilization. It has also been said that we are slackers under the skin, that we would rather "sob at the radio" than do our jobs. Many are fond of repeating: "I can't put my mind on anything but the war. Good God, how can you go on chattering about sculpture and painting when the children of Poland lie slaughtered by Hitler's bombs?"

Is this the unanswerable question or is it the great excuse of those who cannot work even when their big toes twitch? Are we supposed to continue our tiny efforts when every movement of the pen, the chisel, the brush, every new note of music, every fresh word of poetry is accompanied by the distant groans of the dying? Such painful questions each individual will answer as he must.

Whatever the answer each one knows within himself whether in this hour he is contributing to or subtracting from the creative forces. He knows that to exactly the extent that he undermines the forces that make and support civilization he is contributing to the victory of barbarism. This then is the moment when our encouragement of the artist should be trebly intensified.

We shall have collectors who will say that they cannot do anything about art in this hour of calamity. We shall have newspapers who can't be bothered with art news just now. We shall have sculptors and poets and musicians who will use the great excuse. And we shall be very stupid indeed if we attempt to judge them. Let someone else presume to say whether the heartless are those who will go on or those who will lapse.

Everyone who follows the work of our artists with an open mind knows that between the last war and this one a remarkable development has taken place in the art of this country. We are now in the thick of that development already so rich in its production. We imagine that such developments rise to a peak, have their hour and descend. We are on the rise. To stop now is to miss the peak and be thrown back. And no one can predict when our art, the essence of our civilization, would recover from the shock.

The artists, those who do not succumb to the great excuse, can't go it alone. They are no longer alone. That is why this present development is so much stronger than any we have had in the past. It is not a precious separate growth. It is a community growth. Nothing like it has occurred to us before. Never has America been so prepared for a deep national flowering of her art.

And now it is challenged and in turn challenges. It is a challenge to every citizen, to every artist and to the Government. Everyone capable of contributing to our civilizing forces, by production, by encouragement, by stimulation, is called upon to do much more than in comfortable times. Not only must he carry those who are genuinely overcome by horror and a new load of slackers. He must also carry his proportionate load of barren materialists. War time brings happy hunting days to profiteers, those snipers of the spirit.

These will not be easy days for the artists or for those who are back of them and with them. But if we hold together we can do it. Every good sculpture, painting, book, poem, composition that we now produce is a direct shot at barbarism, a direct help to civilization. Everyone of us knows this to be a fact. So let us not, as Conger Goodyear so tellingly put it at the luncheon to the trustees of The Whitney Museum of American Art, spend too much time sobbing at the radio and let us, as Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney said in her address on the same occasion, "do our jobs."—F. W.



ALL PHOTOGRAPHS WITH THIS ARTICLE ARE OF WORKS IN THE COLLECTION OF THE WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART AND ARE USED BY COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM
ALLEN TUCKER: BAKER'S ISLAND. OIL

THE GROWTH OF THE WHITNEY MUSEUM

BY FORBES WATSON

TWO PARTIES WERE given at The Whitney Museum of American Art, now enlarged with four new galleries, before it was re-opened to the public in mid-September with an exhibition of 288 examples of twentieth-century American sculpture, paintings, water colors, drawings and prints selected from the permanent collection. The first party was for the artists, the second for the trustees. In neither case was there any attempt to "service" the millions with enlightenment. That the artists took precedence over the trustees in the order of entertainment was in accordance with the tradition of the Whitney Museum, where the painters and sculptors have always held first place. As Juliana Force, Director of the Museum, said last spring, in a brilliant speech before The American Federation of Arts, she owes her most valued knowledge to the artists and the Museum owes them everything. That may be one reason why they think of this Museum as being a home of their own. There are many other reasons. I shall come to them. Some of them long antedate the use of the formal name museum and go back more than a quarter of a century to the time when Juliana Force and Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney began their experimental, sympathetic efforts for the

benefit of American art and artists which are now history.

Those efforts have been continuous but when the earliest informal exhibitions were held spasmodically in what are now the two east galleries of the Museum and the outward staff consisted of Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Force, a doorman and a handy-man, no one suspected, least of all the founder and director, that this beginning would culminate in our most influential museum of American art. Yet the seeds were being planted then and the result, although unforeseen, was natural and inevitable. It may help us to understand both the quality and the methods of the Museum of today if we delve a little into its background. We shall begin to comprehend, I think, why the Whitney Museum is the most personal, the most unconventional and in some respects the most courageous museum in the country.

Despite the excellent new galleries, the new and more commodious main stairway, the dustless perfection of every room, the youth of the institution as an endowed and incorporated museum, its quarter of a century of haunting artist memories cannot be washed away or over-painted. Nor will new carpets silence their echoes. These immaculate galleries are full of ghosts, ghosts of the years when the personal methods of management evolved by Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. Force were

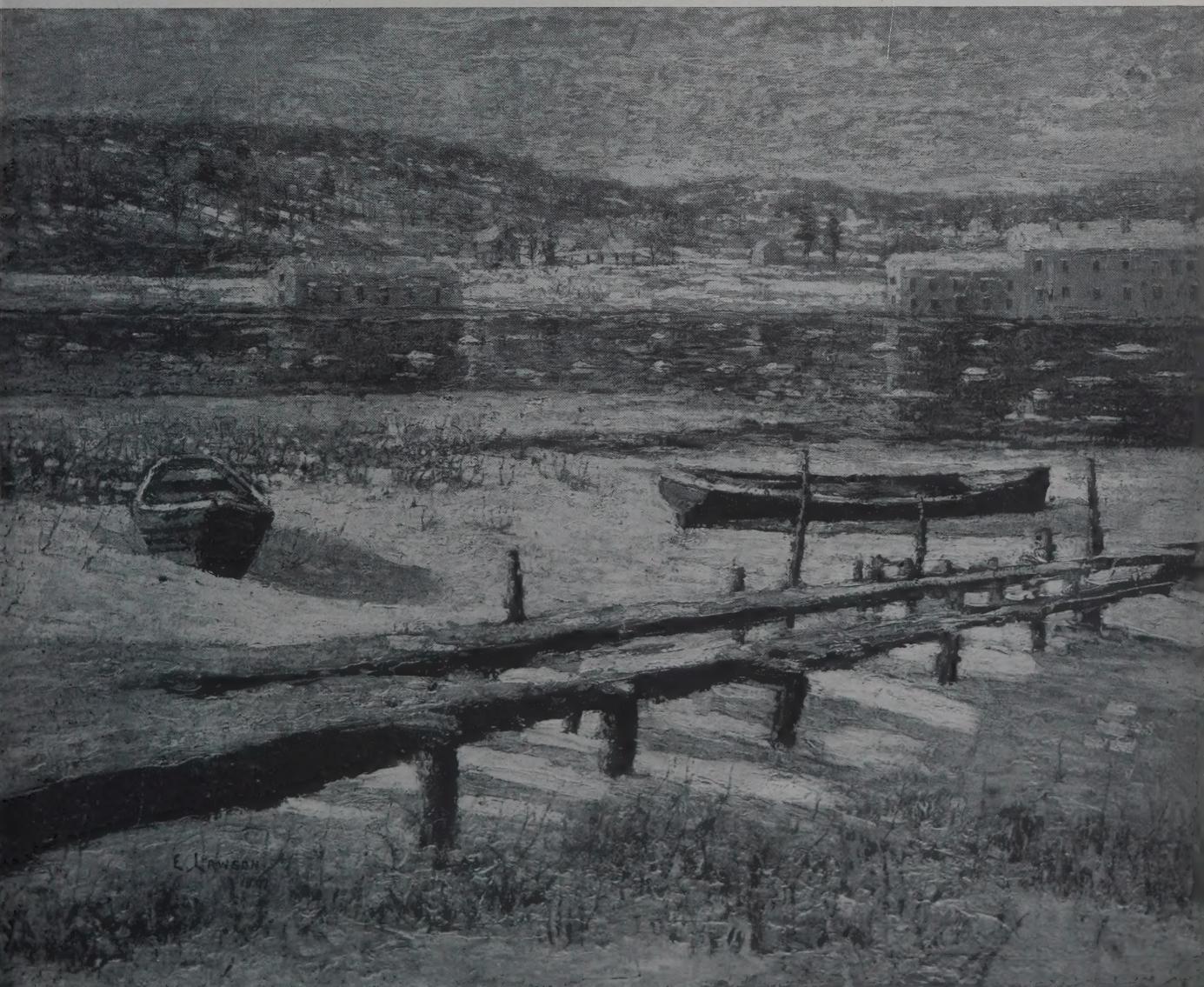
being developed and when their knowledge of the artists' working and human problems was daily being broadened.

A list of the names of the artists who have climbed the east stairway leading from the front door of what used to be "No. 8" to Mrs. Force's office, going up with heavy hearts and descending with light hearts, would summarize the most obviously poignant part of the story; but it would still be only a part. It would be most misleading to dwell upon this phase exclusively. Suffice the fact that some artists now represented in other and older museums could not have continued their painting or their sculpture except for the understanding and timely help given them at 8 West 8th. It was there that the ever widening activities of Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. Force, in behalf of American art, had their beginning. 8 West 8th, now incorporated in the Museum, was then known simply as the Whitney Studio. The broadly human labors which were carried out there with as much energy as sympathy, extended from the saving of an artist from the pain of being evicted by his landlord to the giving to an artist of funds enabling him to study for a year or two in Paris. It must be remembered that when Mrs. Force and Mrs. Whitney started their important

undertakings every artist in America felt that his preparation was incomplete if he did not have the regular pilgrimage to Paris. A painting or a piece of sculpture would be bought at the very moment when the artist was in despair. He was lifted out of hopelessness and given a fresh start. Or a working allowance would be given to some talented youngster later to become recognized by dealers and to be purchased by other museums.

The story has no end. It is safe to say that Juliana Force could tell more tales intimately reflecting the struggles of many an artist than any one else. There was no WPA in those days to give nation-wide help to artists needing it. There was no Section of Fine Arts. The private market with its over-insistence on names for their own sake was the sole recourse of the known and the unknown. No wonder Mrs. Force had her hands full and her heart full. No wonder Mrs. Whitney had her splendid generosity tested to the fullest. Both met the test superbly. For this and other reasons they are now figures in the story of our art who can never be forgotten. It is not surprising, considering the training that they received in this broad and valuable experience, that their methods are so per-

ERNEST LAWSON: WINTER ON THE RIVER. OIL





GEORGE LUKS:
MRS. GAMLEY. OIL

sonal. Nor is it surprising that the Whitney Museum is still essentially a personal institution.

Let us return once more to those famous stairs and tell a little more of their history. They are by no means haunted only by the footsteps of artists pleading for themselves. Leaders in every field of art have mounted them. Robert Henri has mounted them in behalf of a gifted, poverty-ridden student of his. John Sloan has mounted them to plead the cause of the Society of Independent Artists. George Luks has mounted them to reassure the powers above that he was the greatest painter in the world. City fathers, architects, organization heads have mounted them, museum directors from coast to coast. European representatives wishing cooperation in art

problems of their own have mounted them. Every large art undertaking that has faced this country in the past twenty-five years has been taken to Mrs. Force by some one personally interested in it.

These stairs, however, did not always lead those who climbed them to the solution of a problem. At intervals they were the path to those early pleasant gatherings of artists which are a part of the Whitney Museum growth. At these earlier parties Childe Hassam damned all things European and Andrew O'Connor wondered how the younger fry could ever become artists without his paternal directions. At these parties up-town met downtown. A whole world has mounted those famous stairs. But it is the footsteps of the artists which make



FRANKLIN WATKINS:
SOLILOQUY. OIL

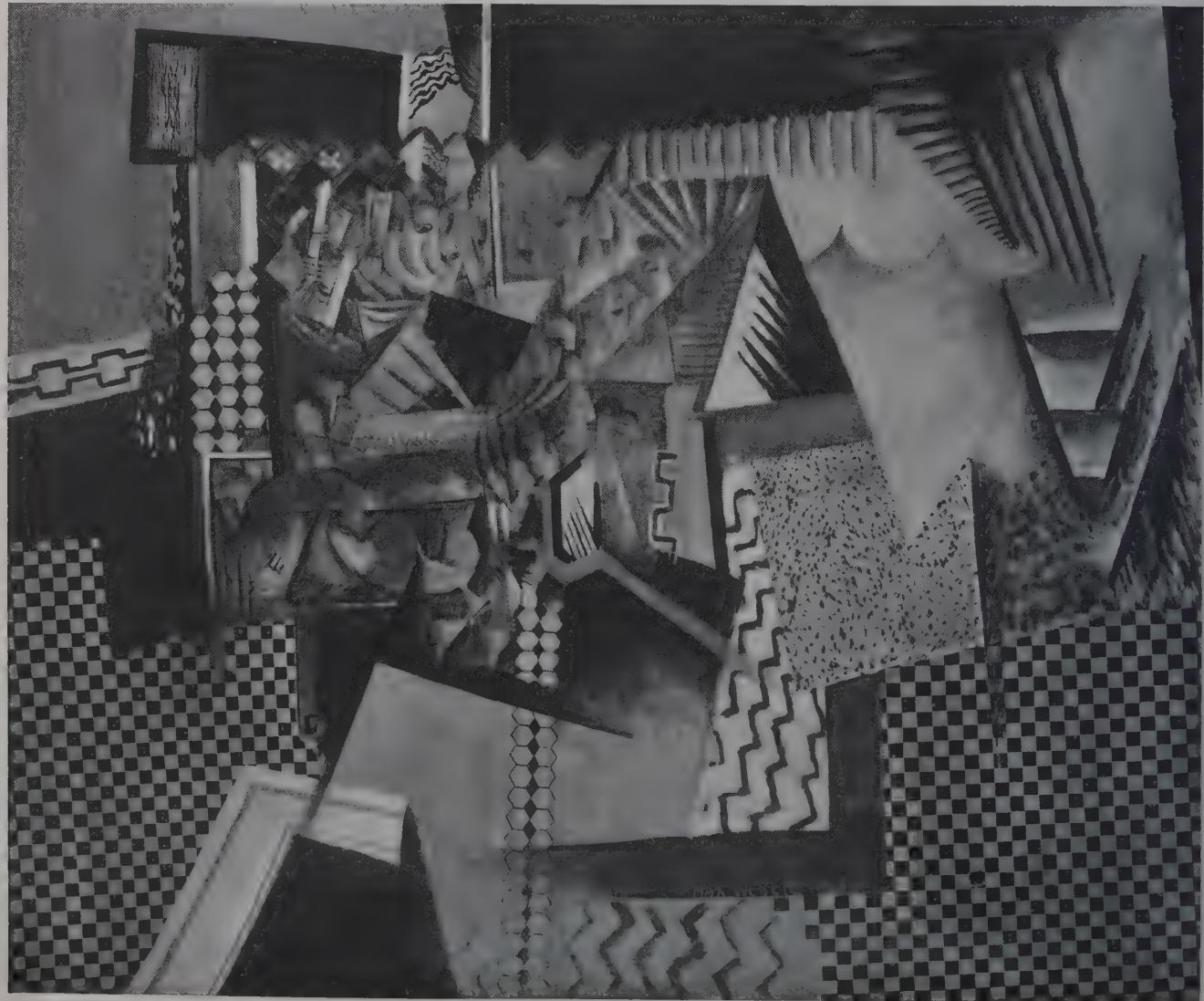
JOHN SLOAN: SIXTH AVENUE ELEVATED AT THIRD STREET. OIL



ANDREW DASBURG:
TAXCO.
WATER COLOR



MAX WEBER: CHINESE RESTAURANT. OIL





NILES SPENCER: THE GREEN TABLE. OIL

them historic. These footsteps coming and going ceaselessly led to the eventual making of a monument to the names of Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney and Juliana Force.

Mounting and descending daily and hourly with their problems, their art, their advice and information, the tasks to be performed by Mrs. Force spread further afield. Her fame grew. Informal methods, at first sufficient, were gradually found to be insufficient and the trend toward a more formal organization was necessary in order to meet the demands which she and Mrs. Whitney wished to meet. As I have said there was first the Whitney Studio at 8 West 8th Street with its two exhibition rooms. These were succeeded by the establishing of The Whitney Studio Club on West 4th Street. The exhibitions held there regularly, introduced to the public a succession of younger artists and of artists who were more mature but hardly better known. Here, for example, was held the first exhibition of the paintings of Edward Hopper, then unknown in the world of museums or in the world of the dealers. The Club also had a well-appointed, comfortable and well-lighted library. The membership dues were nominal. So rapidly did the tastes of Mrs. Force and Mrs. Whitney grow and their acquisitions increase, that in a few years the physical possibilities of the Club were outgrown.

The next step in the evolution of our Museum, for all these steps had their part in determining both the color and the aims of the present Museum, took place when the Whitney Galleries were opened at 14 West 8th Street. By this time Mrs. Force was ready and in need of an assistant. Alexander Brook was appointed Director of the Whitney Galleries un-

ERNEST FIENE: NOCTURNE—34TH STREET. OIL





HENRY KREIS: IN PENSIVE MOOD. TENNESSEE MARBLE

JOHN B. FLANNAGAN: ELEPHANT. STONE

der Mrs. Force. This, it happened, was a most fortunate selection. More painters then unknown were brought to the public's notice. The exhibitions at the Whitney Galleries drew an ever increasing public. They were eagerly attended by artists. It was evident that with each year they were becoming a more significant feature in the life of New York and their fame was spreading throughout the land.

It was through the Galleries that the relationship now existing between the artists and the Museum received their broadest development. They led Mrs. Force into ever greater and greater knowledge from first hand acquaintance with American painters and sculptors in all parts of the country. The buying of paintings and the buying of sculpture continued until The Whitney Collection of American Art was large enough





GEORGE BELLOWS: DANCE IN A MADHOUSE. LITHOGRAPH

WILLIAM ZORACH: ARTIST'S DAUGHTER. MARBLE



and representative enough to meet the requirements of a dawning museum. Just as the original studio had met the earliest immediate needs and the Club had met further needs, so the Galleries came into being and reached the limits of their possibilities as a service to the American artist and to the public.

Why, it will be asked, should an institution necessarily less formal than a museum ever come to the end of its tether? The explanation requires some recapitulation. From the beginning the Whitney-Force combination had shown a refreshing disregard of mere names. At no time did they try to play safe. They might easily have protected themselves from much criticism by the Bourbons of art. Like not a few of their fellow collectors they might have limited themselves to men and women already established as painters and sculptors. To do this would have been not only against their principles but wholly against their natures. Furthermore, they soon learned that the fame of an artist and his quality do not go inseparably hand in hand. Alas, also the fame of an artist is not as much increased by having his work in a private collection as it is by having his work in a public collection. In other words, these two ladies who had done more for the encouragement of the then rising world of artists than any other collectors or museums awoke to the fact that they could do still more if



Above: AARON BOHROD: CHICAGO STREET IN WINTER. WATER COLOR.

Below: GLENN O. COLEMAN: DOWNTOWN STREET. OIL



they established a Museum of American Art. This at least was one motive. The other motive had already grown out of the work done. The collection which they had formed called for a museum.

The four houses—No. 8, where all the good work began; No. 10, then a private dwelling; No. 12, where for many years were the studios of Daniel Chester French, Thomas Dewing, and other painters and sculptors; and No. 14, the home of the Whitney Galleries and of Mrs. Force—were all combined into what is now the Whitney Museum. Its doors were opened some eight years ago. Formality might have been expected to have sharply taken the place of informality. But Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. Force had been too long trained in personal methods and in personal dealings with the artists to set up between themselves and the outside world a cold and formal museum façade. They wished their new and more formidable institution to retain the warmth of earlier days. Without doubt this desire has helped to give the museum its very special character.

Changes, of course, were inevitable. The period in which encouragement of the younger and the less known predominated was succeeded by a new requirement. That requirement involved the continuance of personal encouragement and at the same time the rounding out of the collection into a more

inclusive gathering of American art. In satisfying this dual ambition the methods of other years have continued with gradual abatement of their too personal side. From time to time additions have been made to the collection designed to increase its scope and to illustrate earlier periods.

Fortunately the processes of building up the Museum during the past eight years have not gone on without maintaining a close relationship with the artists of today. This brings us to the one question for which the answer may involve a criticism which I hope will not seem ungracious. The question is whether the relationship with artists could not be as warm and friendly as it is today while the fruits of that relationship become more impartial in their selection. To put it another way. After a quarter of a century which has culminated in an eight-year old museum, has the time come when methods which once satisfied the aims of its founder and its director no longer fully suffice to meet its needs? Possibly we shall find the answer by a general examination of the current exhibition. So many of the works now shown have already been reviewed in the pages of this Magazine that it is only necessary for the purposes at hand to consider the collection as a whole and to discover what light it throws upon an argument in which we are deeply concerned.

The Museum has gained a certain undoubted strength

(Continued on page 606)

LOUIS RIBAK: HOME RELIEF STATION. OIL





GEORGE HARDING: MOPPING UP, FLANDERS



GEORGE HARDING: FIRST AID STATION, ARGONNE

DRAWING THE WAR

BY GEORGE HARDING

TELEGRAPHIC ORDERS came rather suddenly after a conference in Washington with Colonel Steese of the Chief of Engineers' staff. They read: "You are hereby ordered to active duty; report to Commanding Officer Port of Embarkation Hoboken without delay."

I packed up and boarded a train for New York, and on the way went over plans with my wife for her to close the studio, and do as she thought best about the house. Confidential sailing orders were given me on reporting, and two days later I again checked in by name and rank and was assigned to the transport *Philadelphia*. From that moment I was part of the personnel of a troop convoy about to sail overseas to the greatest fight the world up to that time had ever seen. Troops with full equipment were moving up the gang planks to their assigned quarters in the hold of the ship. One didn't see where they came from, or where they went: troops always moving, never any more in sight, never any less. They were all regular army. Then came naval detachments, each man with a bag on his left shoulder.

My job in life before this had been as an illustrator, first with the *Saturday Evening Post* when George Lorimer took

youngsters at twenty-one and gave them stories to illustrate. Two years later I landed with *Harper's* under Thomas B. Wells as editor and was sent to Newfoundland and Labrador. By the time I was twenty-five I had been to the Grand Banks and to the seal fishery and had been shipwrecked in the ice floes. I wrote articles to go with the drawings I made. I knew Bob Bartlett and the other sealing captains, besides marine surveyors and Lloyd representatives. Then followed trips in the hurricane season with marine surveyors salvaging cargo from wrecked freighters in the West Indies, particularly around the Yucatan Passage. In 1911 I covered the first oversea airplane flight on this side, Key West to Havana, being based on the destroyers under Commander Yates Stirling stationed every fifteen miles out in the Gulf. It took three weeks awaiting favorable weather for this flight. Then back I went to Cape Race where I lived at the lighthouse, getting material about wireless and icebergs and writing several articles, one of which was in *Harper's* and on the newsstand at the time the *Titanic* was lost. A long trip around the world for *Harper's* followed, through the Mediterranean, Egypt, Arabia, Australia, New Guinea, South Seas, Straits Settlement and the interior of China. Travel by stage coach, on



GEORGE HARDING: UPSTAIRS, CHATEAU THIERRY. JUNE 4, 1918

camel back, into the Australian desert, aboard sailing craft and cargo steamers unfolded more than romantic prospects. I arrived home before the war broke out.

This training afield was known to Joseph Pennell. He was on the Advisory Committee of the War Department that selected eight men to be official artists serving as Captains of Engineers in the A. E. F. He strongly recommended my appointment. So, at thirty-four and with a lot of knocking about behind me, I found myself in the Army. From the day of sailing and throughout the war I kept a diary and notes—sometimes under difficult conditions.

Today, September 2, 1939, I received a wire from the Editor of the MAGAZINE OF ART asking me to dig up some of the drawings made twenty-one years ago and to pick out some notes from the diary. Several years ago I had told Forbes Watson and him about them. Now while the radio broadcasts that England and France have again declared war against Germany I am pulling the drawings and diary out of the store-room. Lapse of time has not changed them. Today I could change the drawings for the better. They are but factual recordings of the sort a news reporter makes when things are happening fast. This material was gathered when the measure of a successful day at the front in the appraisement made at the time was, I confess, concerned with whether or not it left you legs to walk on and hands to put food into your mouth.

The diary interests me today as I read it after all these

years and I am picking out chunks here and there, about how I got there, and fragments of what it was like when I arrived.

I quote from my diary:

"The late commuters homeward bound on the ferries give a cheer as we slip out of dock, turn in the North River and head toward the Statue of Liberty. All eyes are on it. Then through the Narrows four miles off we join seven other ships slowly heading out to sea. No smoke shows. They are all camouflaged but I recognize several—the *Cedric* of the White Star, the *Virginian* of the Allan Line, a United Fruit boat, a Lamport and Holt, and two British Indian liners, one of which I traveled on out East. The Cruiser *Montaria* leads the line."

Second day out: "I drew assignment as Officer of the Day. I am ranking Casual Officer aboard. This means inspections and carrying out instructions of the Troop Commander, blacking out of all lights, no smoking on deck, policing of ship and maintaining all sanitary conditions. Two hours after I go on duty at 4 P. M. we run into heavy seas and rain. Pitch dark on deck, making it very difficult to find covered hatches for hourly inspection below. On first inspection I see more bare feet in rows of bunks in ten minutes than a chiropodist sees in a lifetime. My Sergeant says to me: 'I don't mind the smell of the other fellow—it's when I stink myself it gets me.' Had first gas training overseeing cleaning out of clogged toilets in stern of the ship. The pitching finally clears them—into the ship. Thirty hours later the first inspection made by Troop

Commander and his Staff. O. K. Relieved of duty—return revolver and belt to Regular Army Major with whom I share stateroom. He gave me five minutes advice yesterday before I went on duty.

"Had first meal in dining room in thirty-six hours, ate at my desk in smoking room while on duty.

"A Lieutenant, casual from training camp, asks English steward for a bottle of Coca Cola. Steward replies, 'We don't carry patent medicine, Sir. What's your complaint? I'll tell you what to take.' A Nova Scotia full rig ship sails right through convoy, see it out porthole. Same steward was in the war three years; three fingers gone, silver plate in head and ribs tied together. This trip he has three pairs of shoes, seven pounds of sugar, and a ham for wife and kiddies in Southampton."

Fourth day: "Put in command of Life Boat No. 13, starboard side, and get eighteen soldiers, thirteen merchant crew, five naval crew, two army lieutenants and myself. Given instructions to follow in abandoning ship by Senior Naval officer aboard. Learn them by heart.

"Second life boat drill comes 8.30 P. M. in pitch black. Men piling up everywhere, all starboard boat crews ordered into hanging boats. As ship rolls our way, boat swings off. Twelve days ago I was still a civilian—some difference out here.

"Gossip of stateroom companion is of Pershing, Wood, Bell, Philippines, Mexican Border and Vera Cruz. Twelve-year old English Buttons is seasick all today. Tells me his father has always been connected with the sea—he is a vermin extinguisher on ships."

Fifth day: "All the talk today is about subs. Everybody jumps at slam of a door on roll of ship. Found Chief Engineer has brother on P. & O. line to Australia. I sailed on his ship. Chief says: 'Put a fellow on a destroyer—he'll carry a handkerchief up his sleeve—but in thirty days he chews a plug of tobacco a day—I'm always glad when we pick up the destroyers.'

"Ships drilling in zigzagging continuously. Naval Gun Crew Commander gives talk on sighting periscopes. First seen at 1000 yards, shows one foot. Observes for thirty seconds, then six-inches at intervals of once a minute—when torpedo is fired periscope exposed twenty-five seconds. He must use a stop watch. Westbound liner *St. Louis* passes us. Cruiser off to investigate the smoke when first sighted.

"Seventy-mile gale on bridge; ship rolling and pitching, decks continually wet—foggy. Three army aviators see the forepeak under water with no guard rail. One says: 'I wouldn't go out there on a bet—if you wash off nobody stops to pick you up.' How about their job in the air?

"Submarine watch set. I draw the 4 to 5 P. M., 1 to 2 A. M. and 9 to 10 A. M. watches, my sector is 60° to 90°. Everyone wears life preservers continuously by orders."

Ninth day: "Cruiser left us last night after dusk. Convoy was all alone entering zone. Early dawn we were all on deck. Out of mist zigzagging at high speed comes first of destroyers—then another—another, another, each from a different quarter, five in all. First smiles of trip—grins everywhere. An hour later we pass half dozen bodies in life preservers and an upset life boat.

GEORGE HARDING: GERMAN ARTILLERY POSITION AFTER AMERICAN BARRAGE





GEORGE HARDING: GERMAN PRISONER TYPES, MARNE

"Time: 3.30 P. M. Sirens—gun fire—depth bombs on port side; eight were dropped by destroyers. The pile of water boils up like a full rigged ship under full sail. The enlisted man who reported sick this morning was the first to reach deck after the alarm. All day gun crews busy pointing at anything on surface, a whale, two black ducks, a floating box. Tonight is clear moonlight, water smooth. See every ship in convoy. Phosphorescence along side of ship. I relieve Major on submarine watch at 1 A. M. He says 'Captain, we're out of luck; the Naval commander just told me the *Cedric* has three hundred nurses on board—if I've got to go out here, I sure would like to have a nurse to the end.'"

"We landed at Liverpool. I was assigned to troop for the trip to Southampton, where I complete my outfit—trench coat, Sam Browne belt, rubber boots, sleeping bag—before crossing to le Havre where I was detached from troops."

From the diary again:

"The Australians crossing on the Channel Transport *Prince George* with us tonight tell me they were in the first convoy and the *Sydney* left them to sink the *Emden* at Keeling Island. Of the original twenty-two thousand in the First Division only seven thousand left. They were at Gallipoli and now think the war will be over this year. We line the rail as we go to sea, sighting Queen Victoria's Osborne House on the Isle of Wight. Next to me the young English Lieutenant with four new novels under his arm says: 'Oh, your first trip to the

front. Oh my, I've been over seven times. Three times I've been lucky, just a foot wound and home for six weeks.' A British sub breaks water. We all tighten life preservers instinctively.

"Paris. Arrived 10.30 P. M. Show orders to M. P., identification papers and fill in police card. Arrive at Hotel Regina just as alert sounds—see first air raid from window on upper floor. They tell me the long range gun was firing today. 'You'll hear it in the morning.'

"On board the American Attaboy Express from Ville Franche to Chaumont—colored sergeant detailed as porter sells me a sandwich wrapped in toilet paper for two francs at 2 A. M. In the compartment an American Major conversed with a French Lieutenant in German. I hear of 'God-Almighty' Mitchell, Colonel of ———; first thing he tells officers is that he fires them if ———. The French Lieutenant told me that when the Boche first reached Nancy early in the war they had tarts with them and the tarts walked off with all the lace and silver they could find. A little later something side-swiped the car we were in, taking about ten feet out of the side of the corridor and one fellow's bedding roll and suitcase.

"In the morning see first prisoners of war for exchange minus arms, legs; faces fairly good.

"Report to Colonel Sweeney and Major McCabe at G2D Chaumont. Irvin Cobb, Martin Greene of the New York *World*, Floyd Gibbons, Chicago *Tribune*, Edwin James, New York *Times*, Frank Sibley attached to Yankee Division, Franklin Adams, all are in one of the outer offices during the day.

"Got my final orders from Captain Watson. They read, 'You are hereby directed to make sketches in zone of American Army.' Another reads, 'You are hereby directed to carry out the oral instruction of the Chief of G2.' With these I am able to go anywhere in the French or American zone of operations."

From the diary:

"Pass French motor trucks on road, they raise clouds of dust that cover the leeward side, trees and fields like a white frost. We ran to one side for miles through woods over ridges. Pass a platoon of French cavalry with a hundred Boche prisoners just captured over near Belleau. They are stolid types, some like professors with glasses, or short and stocky, all with coats off, shirts open, hands swinging and all covered white like the fields."

"We enter a wood. Here is the Marne below. Chateau Thierry on both sides. The Boche on the other side. The Third American Division on this side with the French. The town is on fire from shell fire. On the way up we passed lines of the French refugees that fled from the other side of the Marne before the bridge was blown up. All the civilians are evacuated from this side too. The Boche have driven close to Paris at this point. Get in town before dusk through field of uncut wheat. Another wheatfield on other side of Marne is on fire from shell fire. We look for the P. C. of the 7th Machine Gun Battalion. Keep to gardens and yards through lilac hedges—across ivy beds, strawberry patches, lettuce and parsley. We separate to make the break at irregular intervals across the road under direct observation by the Boche. Machine guns pup-pup continuously. Beyond ridge behind us French 75's

barking. Boche 77's coming in. The front of a house falls. The intimate state of undress of a house just hit by a shell. Rooms open up intimately—beds unmade—dishes still on dining-room table, pots still on the stove, curtains blowing gently through the dust and smoke—flame. The French civilians left in panic abandoning everything in most cases save the clothes they wore.

"Down the road comes a French Division General and two of his staff. He walks as if in Paris in peacetime—cane in hand, helmet on, gas mask hanging. He vaults a low hedge, picks a rosebud and puts it in his lapel buttonhole, picks two more roses, and vaults the hedge again; gives one to each of his aids. He does not see us fifty feet away walking behind a hedge. Maybe after three years training I can do it too. Four shells in quick succession, then four more bracketing the road. The French General still sticks to the road.

"Machine Gun Headquarters of Captain Carswell, are in a wine cellar a hundred feet from the Marne—three hundred feet from the Boche on the other side. Before going in I glimpse the blown-up bridge, two maimed piers from which the arch springs—a gaping wound in the centre—like two shoulders each with the upper arm shot off. And as I climb down there are feathers falling from a chicken a corporal is plucking. The Sergeant growls: 'If you'd a done what I said we'd have had that pig—now the French have it.'

"Champagne, wines, cordials, jams, preserves everywhere on shelves. A hole is broken through to the next house and then to the next. Three men sleeping on the floor and another

milking a cow the French troops did not get.

"A table with candles stuck in empty bottle; three American officers leaning over a map—planning a shift in machine gun positions during the night. Wounded men are getting first aid in the next cellar. I climbed upstairs to the house overhead. Only mattresses have been taken below for men to sleep on. A few chairs and a table or two and some dishes. A French Lieutenant is looking over the books in the library. On the wall I find a map of this sector. In it are pins with French colors on one line, pins with German colors on the other line. The German pin is in the other side of Chateau Thierry. On the front door is a notice stating the family left on May 30 for Montmirail.

"Along the road by the Marne tonight a shutter creaks—it takes no more to start a machine gun burst from across the Marne. Toward Belleau Woods a barrage is being laid. In front of us toward Mont St. Père on the other side of the Marne a couple of rockets go up, a sickly green line and then burst and silhouettes, for a few seconds, the shambles of what was once a farmhouse and mutilated trunks of trees—limbless but each limb on the ground mutely pointing to where it once belonged."

Next I find this description of a barrage going out.

"Zero hour was 2.30 A. M. A rain of fire from both sides of the road. One minute the gun in front was silhouetted by the fire from the other side of the road. Next moment it barked and lighted up the road and showed troops moving up. Back and forth the effect plays. A rain of fire from all sides and

(Continued on page 605)

GEORGE HARDING: PATROLS IN NO MAN'S LAND, STAR ROCKET FALLING





PHOTOGRAPHS WITH THIS ARTICLE BY FIORENTINI. COURTESY MOSTRA PAOLO VERONESE

Veronese: *Peace* (detail). Capitoline Museum, Rome. Can be dated about 1557 and is therefore an early work. One of the surprises of the exhibition. The figure is seen in sharp foreshortening against the cool blues of an evening sky. Rose tones which turn to lilac, deep blues, pale green with reflections of yellow and carmine red, form a color scheme of rare beauty. In this picture as well as in its companion piece "Hope" also from the Capitoline gallery in Rome, a characteristic scheme of Veronese's decorative manner is beautifully seen

VERONESE AT VENICE

FROM THE VERONESE Exhibition at Venice, William M. Milliken, Director of the Cleveland Museum of Art, has sent us these illustrations. To him we are also indebted for the notes which accompany them.

Mr. Milliken speaks particularly of the impression made by the less known works of Veronese's late period, executed in more subdued colors than are generally associated with his palette. These he describes as a revelation in spiritual penetration and emotional power far transcending the more decorative paintings by which Veronese is best known. "The exhibition," he says, "demonstrates for all time the restrained but powerful emotional content of these less known works."

One of the outstanding events of the year in art, the Veronese display is the third in a series honoring the great Venetian masters. It follows one devoted to the work of Titian (1935)

and another to Tintoretto (1937). Situated in the Ca'Giustinian, the exhibition is scheduled to continue until November 4, a date, however, which has not been confirmed since the outbreak of war.

Well known and little known Veronese paintings are included. Assembled by a committee whose chairman was Dr. R. Paulucchini, Director of Fine Arts of the City of Venice, they come from Italian churches and museums and also from private collections in other countries, including United States.

Veronese lived from 1528-1588. The paintings reproduced herewith represent various phases in his career. Because of his popular identification as a master of decorative canvases memorializing Venetian pomp and circumstance, Mr. Milliken's comment and the illustrations of his later work should be of especial interest.



Veronese: *Portrait of Count Giuseppe da Porto and his son Adriano*. Collection of Count Alessandro Contini Bonacossi, Florence. This magnificent portrait, painted towards 1556, is an example of Veronese's first manner. At this time he was influenced by the cool greys and the architectural settings used by such Brescian painters as Moretto. However, no one but Veronese would have solved with such grace the wonderful detail of the three hands and the head of the child Adriano. The companion portrait of the Countess and her daughter is in the Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore. (See the detail from the picture reproduced above on this month's cover)

Right:

Veronese: *Baptism of Christ* (detail). Church of the Redeemer, Venice. The angels rapt in meditation gaze quietly forth as the Baptist performs the sacred rite. The forward figure with golden hair wears a robe of an indescribable pale yellow shot with mysterious reds in the folds and with a color of rich red. This figure is outlined against the bright yellow of the robe worn by the second angel whose mantle is dark green shot with gold. His dark chestnut hair is set against the blue of an evening sky and the golden brilliance of the light which accompanies the apparition of the Dove. (The picture as a whole is reproduced on the page opposite)



Below:

Veronese: *Supper in the House of Simon the Pharisee* (detail of the head of Mary Magdalen). Gallery Sabauda, Turin. Painted c. 1560. Here one encounters the personal system of Veronese. A colorist above everything, he places his lights against darks, color against color to get his effects. The blond hair of the Magdalen bound with gold gains space and air against the corner of the table cloth behind her head and the deep blue of Simon's mantle. The flesh is rendered with all the cool pearly touches Veronese loved; his brush records almost with magic the diaphanous veil and the pale blues of the gown with its flashing highlights. This recording of the brilliant reflections of rich stuffs becomes one of the most characteristic elements of Veronese's style





Veronese: *Baptism of Christ*. Church of the Redeemer, Venice. The recent cleaning showed the picture to be in superb condition, its colors in their original freshness. In this connection see the detail reproduced opposite. Painted about 1561 when Paolo was 33 it shows his system of profiling his figures against the cold blues and sunset lights of an evening sky. The outlined trees add their dark accent and give depth and spaciousness to the composition. Below are two amazing portraits of members of the Stravazino family who gave the picture. Very beautiful are the pale flesh tones of the Christ's body, the almost metallic reflections of the white loin cloth which catch the faintest inkling of the purplish red of the Baptist's mantle.



Veronese: Altarpiece of San Zaccaria. Academy, Venice. Painted 1562. One of the most splendid of Veronese's works. The greys of the architecture, the stamped leather background behind the Virgin, throw into relief the color of her garments and the golden yellow of Joseph's robes. Below Sta. Giustina with her mantle striped in pale blue and silver contrast with the robe of St. Francis while to the right St. Jerome wears the crimson velvet of the cardinal's mantle over a tunic of flashing rose damask



Veronese: *Christ on the Cross between the Virgin and St. John*. Academy, Venice. Painted just before 1581, this painting exemplifies the more subdued colors of the last period. It was cleaned before the Exhibition and survived the ordeal in wonderful fashion; the enamel of its original colors remains almost without damage. Thus revivified it was a revelation to the Venetians — how much more so to observers who had never seen Veronese in this mood. For here

are shown a spiritual penetration and an emotional power which far transcend the more decorative manner generally associated with Paolo's name. The Virgin's blue mantle becomes almost black against a cloud-filled sky, touched here and there by mysterious light. The deep wine-purple of her undergarment is illumined with a lightning-like flash of brilliant color along the folds. The carmine of St. John's mantle, over golden yellow, forms a powerful contrast to the darks and lights of the stormy sky. The Christ's body is marvellously painted with a technique that anticipates Velazquez. The loin cloth, white with silver touches, is in sharp contrast to the body with its soft flesh colors against the powder grey of a sky gathering in tragic colors behind. Above the heavens break, and in a golden glory the cherubs foretell the Heaven which waits

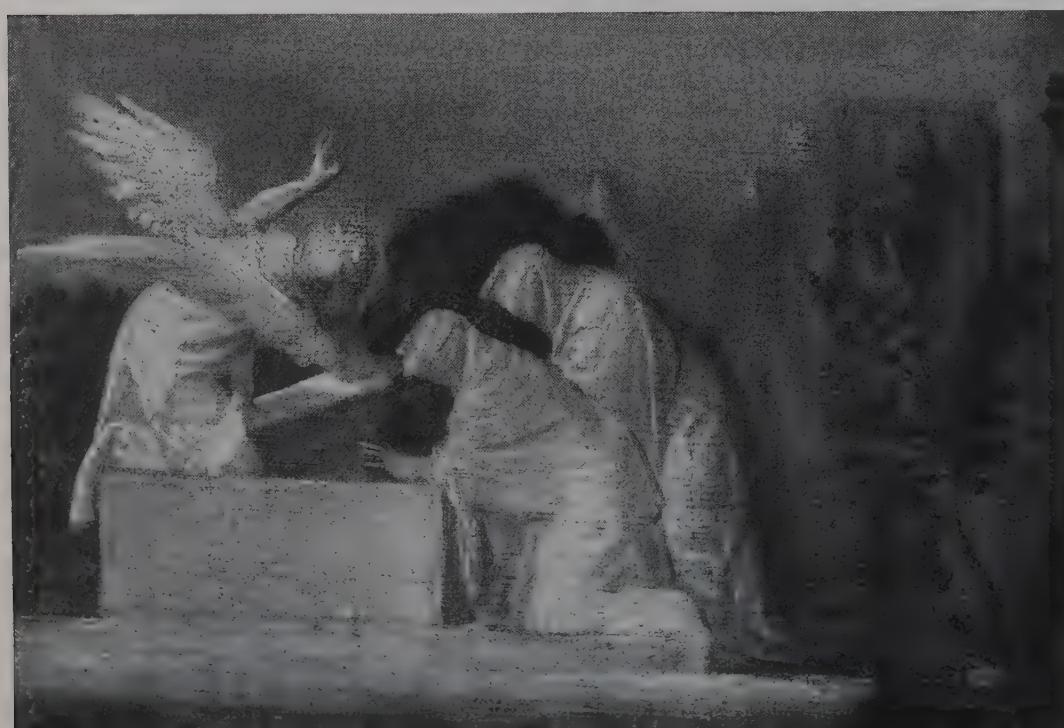
Right:

Veronese: *Resurrection of Christ*. About 1570. Dresden. All the elements of the typical Veronese composition are present, figures seen in sharp perspective from below, profiled against a distant and luminous sky. Even the landscape details of the background with trees outlined force the perspective and give immense space. The figures are partly in shadow, partly in light. Illumination plays on them and on the quiet greys of the tomb



Below:

Veronese: *Resurrection of Christ* (detail). This tiny section of the painting, taken from the right background, shows in a marvellous way the almost incandescent light which emanates from Veronese's whites, pale grey and soft rose





Veronese: *Rape of Europa*. Milan, Collection Dr. Giovanni Rasini. Painted about 1573-75. This very small picture is a masterpiece of one of the master's less formal moments. The very simple composition with a central group of dark trees against the pale blues of an evening sky is peopled with luminous figurines evoked with a grace and rapidity of touch which is breathtaking.

Veronese: *Rape of Europa* (detail). Milan, Collection Dr. Giovanni Rasini. Nowhere can one study better the bravura of Veronese's brushwork. The figures seem almost incandescent as they flash with the reflections of pale rose, palest blue and pearl.





Veronese: *San Pantaleone Cures a Child*. Church of San Pantaleone, Venice. Painted in 1587, the year before the artist died, this is one of his most profound and searching works. The more sombre colors are caught with flashes of light. Extraordinarily sensitive is the presentation of the sick youth. And the figure of the page who offers a box to the saint is one of the most brilliantly realized in Paolo's production.



Veronese: *Lucrezia*. Vienna, Kunsthistorische Museum. Painted about 1583. This stupendous example of Veronese's late period, together with other paintings of those years shown in the Venice Exhibition, contradict for all time the general impression that Veronese was no more than a facile and brilliant decorator. Here he is seen with all his facility and brilliance at his finger tips creating a subject of profound and moving psychological import. The darker color scheme is characteristic of his last period, but no more so than the lights which coruscate among the rich jewels, the velvet, brocades and shining silks. They flicker over Lucrezia's blond hair, the deep green robe with golden high lights, the golden scarf over her white sleeves, the shawl of striped blue and silver, the brocade hanging with its miraculous mixture of green, plum, pale gold

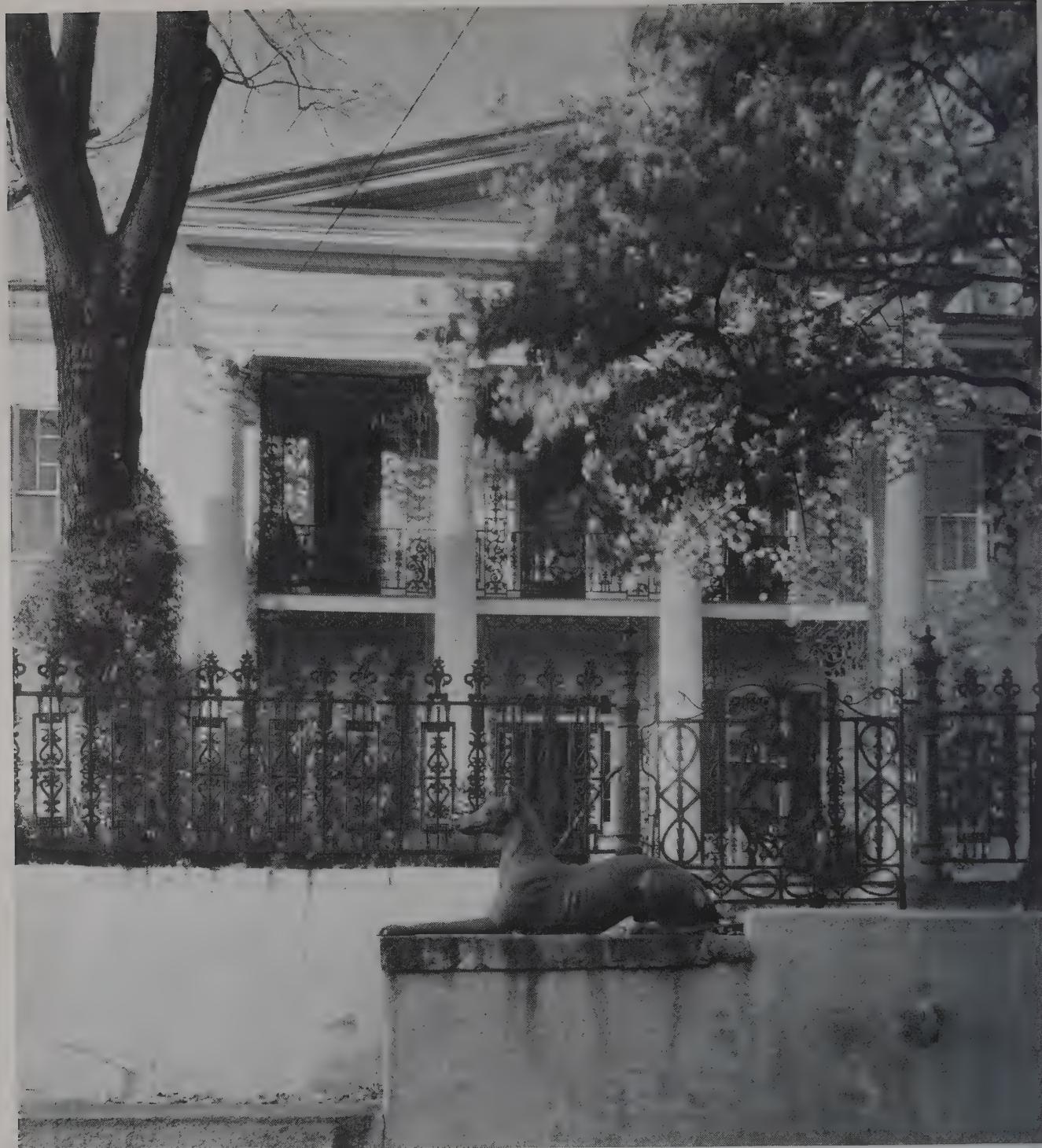


PHOTO BY FRANCES BENJAMIN JOHNSTON

Belo House, Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Illustrating use of cast-iron capitals, porch grilles, fences and garden ornaments

NOTES ON DECORATIVE CAST IRON

BY THOMAS T. WATERMAN

IN SPITE OF the ease with which cast iron can be manufactured it was not until the beginning of the nineteenth century that the possibilities of its decorative use were fully appreciated. The earliest example of its employment in England was in the fourteenth century when an iron master of Burwash, Sussex, had his grave slab cast in iron. The Weald of Sussex was to become the seat of iron casting in England

up to 1700 when the exhaustion of its forest fuel supply led to the transfer of the craft to South Wales. Few objects other than firebacks were manufactured during the Sussex period.

It seems that cast iron was not used to any extent in decorative ways until the great gates and railings were made for St. Paul's churchyard under Wren's surveyorship. Their design was based upon Spanish precedent, with turned balusters filling the voids. Whether they were of Wren's design is doubtful, since he said, "the doing of it [was] carried in a way which

I venture to say will even be condemned." His disapproval, however, may have been based on the method of manufacture, as up to the nineteenth century the use of cast instead of wrought iron was considered a cheap substitution. Ware in his *Body of Architecture* in 1756 said "cast iron is very serviceable to the builder and a vast expense is saved in many cases by using it; in rails and balusters it makes a rich and massy appearance when it has cost very little, and when wrought iron much less substantial would cost a vast sum. But, on the other hand, there is a neatness and finished look in wrought iron that will never be seen in cast, and it bears accident vastly better."

The element of cheapness caused the first considerable use of cast iron in railings for speculative dwellings in London in the last half of the eighteenth century. In these the rails and braces were of wrought iron and the vertical bars with their javelin heads were cast. With the coming of the Regency style and later the Greek Revival, cast iron came into general use not only because of its cheapness but because it was almost impossible to render in wrought iron the ornaments copied from classic remains, which were usually of stone.

At first only incidental features were cast, such as paterae, finials, etc., but finally all except the necessary structural members were made in this way. Some of the best and most reasonable English decorative cast iron is shown in Weale's *Designs of Ornamental Gates, Lodges, Palisading and Iron*

Work of the Royal Parks, published in 1841. This shows the sumptuous gates designed by Decimus Burton for the Royal Entrance into St. James' Park at Hyde Park Corner. Each has a huge medallion of leafage, the center being solid with the royal arms in relief. The remainder of the surface was filled with an intricate tracery of acanthus stalks and leaves. At the top is a series of diminutive laurel wreaths, each containing one of the royal devices, below a magnificent acanthus overthrow. Also illustrated are the excellent cast railings and gates of the various terraces in Regent's Park of simple baluster and spear design with some ornamental panels and posts.

The use of architectural cast iron in the United States lagged considerably behind that in England. In the eighteenth century small castings in the shape of firebacks and stove plates were made, especially in Pennsylvania. With the rise of the machine castings industry at the beginning of the nineteenth century, it is only reasonable that interest should have been turned to the use of decorative cast iron. Unfortunately this was not always in a manner becoming to the material. Pearse, in his *History of the Iron Manufacture of the American Colonies* (1876) tells us with evident pride that "George Keim cast in sand, direct from the furnace, a copy of the Last Supper, after da Vinci, he also made excellent busts of individuals. . . ." This was at Jones, Keim and Company's Joanna Furnace at Windsor, Pennsylvania, about 1832. Pearse also tells us that this firm made "excellent artistic castings of all kinds,

House at 321 East Bay, Charleston, S. C. The cast-iron roof cresting remains. The scrolls just under the railings are wrought iron



PHOTO BY FRANCES BENJAMIN JOHNSTON



Famous New Orleans cast iron. Above: Pontalba Buildings with cast-iron pillars, balustrades. Below: La Branche House, 700 Rue Royale, Vieux Carré, adorned by still lacier grilles and supporting members



PHOTOS BY FRANCES BENJAMIN JOHNSTON

being the first founders in America to make perfect castings of that description." It is possible that Germany was the source of some of the designs, especially of Pennsylvania cast iron work, as *Zinkguss Arbeiten* by S. P. Daverenne, published in Berlin in 1845-47 as a sort of catalog, has several panel and cresting designs that are remarkably like American examples.

The supply of architectural iron castings came primarily from Pennsylvania and New York, although sometimes local firms, such as the Tredegar Iron Works at Richmond, Virginia, supplied their neighborhood. The catalog of the Architectural Iron Works of New York (1865) informs us that their products were used as far west as San Francisco and as far south as New Orleans, and lists their executed works.

Unfortunately such catalogs are seldom encountered, as from their very nature they were soon discarded and destroyed. However, the catalog mentioned illustrates castings for such various uses as "Bridges, Roofs, Domes, Railings, Verandahs, Cornices, Stairways, Columns, Capitals and Arches, Window Lintels, Sills, Consoles, Brackets and Rosettes, Urns, Door and Window Guards, Lamp, Awning and Horse Posts, Patent Lights and Iron Sidewalks." Cast-iron dogs, deer and fountains are not illustrated, but there was certainly a prolific source of them. Some few, like the well designed and modeled dog at the Belo house at Winston-Salem, N. C., are of considerable artistic merit.

A curious fact about the use of decorative cast iron is the frequent failure of the users to differentiate as to style in its use. This was perhaps occasioned by the way the catalogs were prepared. For example, the *Illustrations of Iron Architecture*, although published as late as 1865, shows pure Regency fences and gates as well as decadent Gothic and Romanesque Revival designs. The proclivity to combine such unrelated elements into one design can be seen in the verandah of a small house in Mobile. Here the railing has a central feature of beautifully designed Greek Revival acanthus scrolls combined with clumsy Victorian arched figure motives and tall pier panels with contemporary renderings of Italian-Gothic leafage. The eclecticism of the detail, however, does not detract from the charm of the composition as a whole, and it is interesting to note the different weight of the two styles, the earlier having an appearance nearer to wrought iron, as also seen in the Pontalba iron work in New Orleans.

Just when wrought iron gave way to cast in American architecture is hard to say, but certainly by 1815 the process was well under way. In the hands of capable architects the change in the composition of the material was becomingly acknowledged, as in the fine gates and grilles of the Capitol in Washington, erected by Bulfinch about 1828. The delicacy to be found in wrought iron gives way to the heavier sections required by the more friable cast material. In the above instance the vertical bars are actually structural and protective, so were designed for the purpose. In most cases where cast iron was used this was not the case, the frame being of wrought or rolled iron into which decorative castings were set. This may plainly be seen in the hanging balcony shown from Charleston whose clean cut and satisfying lines betray the lithe strength of the wrought-iron structure. This is attached

to the Prioleau Counting House, and has delicate trellis grilles similar to those favored by the Regency architects of England. The quasi-Latin quality of Charleston architecture is introduced by graceful lacy brackets at the head of the gallery openings. In spite of the rather ungrammatical medallion inserted in the bracket, the smooth flowing strength of the leaves and scrolls is very satisfying.

Cast-iron porches, galleries and fences are found in all of the cities of the Eastern Seaboard, but in none is cast-iron work to be seen in such profusion as in Mobile and New Orleans. The remaining examples in the former are largely on average-size dwellings, but the rows of tall, lacy verandahs are extremely effective. Some of the iron work shows interesting style attributes such as the Gothic porch and fence illustrated, where in an unguarded moment the maker used classic motives in the lower part of the gate. In view of the laboriously sustained style flavor throughout the delicate porch and the heavier, and perhaps later, fence, this seems strange; but it is possible that the gate is a later replacement. Unless this is an early example of "funeral home," it would seem curious to use the symbols found here which include the winged hour-glass, the harp, the inverted torch, the dart, the vine and passion flower and anchor, all of which may indicate that the gate was designed for a cemetery enclosure.

A strange, and fortunately perhaps, unique fence is to be seen in Mobile, which employs corn stalks for all the features of the structure. The horizontals are stripped stalks and the minor verticals leaved and husked stalks. This is a superlative example of the dangers inherent in cast iron, in which form can be ignored and the structural qualities of the material are almost completely subjugated to the caprices of the designer.

In New Orleans the section known as the Vieux Carré possesses a group of cast iron balconies and galleried porches of notable beauty, which endow the narrow streets with a mystery and charm foreign to this country. The wealth gathered in Louisiana due to the fabulously profitable sugar trade required an architectural expression. In the country it took the form of monumental classic porticos, so necessary in the warm climate. In town, however, the restrictions of the sites translated this feature into lofty tiered galleries. Perhaps the most scholarly of these are on the Pontalba buildings flanking Jackson Square. Here the tall pedimented structure is clothed with a two-story porch projecting over the sidewalk. Due to the need for a strong support at the street line where danger from vehicles existed, the usual foliated pier panels are not found, but in their place slender Corinthian columns occur. These support an upper gallery formed of specially designed scrolled railings displaying the initials of the builders, the allied families of Pontalba and Almonester. The pier panels are exceptionally slender, containing well designed vertical rinceaux. The brackets at the head of the gallery openings are formed of delicate interlaced scrolls. Serving the third floor the open porch has a slight variation of the railing below.

While the Pontalba porch has certainly more architectural quality, it does not begin to have the dramatic beauty of the lofty galleries of the House of the Turk nearby. Here the narrowness of the street and the great height of the two lower stories combine to produce an effect of great originality and

(Continued on page 601)



Less widely known is the cast iron of Mobile, Alabama. Above: Verandah on the Richards House, Joachim Street. Below: The Maury gate and grille, Government Street, show marked stylistic discrepancies



PHOTOS BY FRANCES BENJAMIN JOHNSTON



PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY KRAUSHAAR GALLERIES

WM. J. GLACKENS: DRIVING GOVERNMENT MULES OVER THE FRANKLIN STREET BRIDGE. SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR DRAWING

EXHIBITION REVIEWS

AROUND NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK season lost no time in getting under way this Fall—in fact, the only real lull from the Spring and hectic Summer took place during the last three weeks of August. The Whitney Museum, closed during the Summer for internal modifications to facilitate exhibitions and enlarge gallery space, was a notable loss to World's Fair visitors and has atoned for it by an early opening with representative works from the permanent collection, to be on view until the Fair closes at the end of October—this show is discussed elsewhere in this issue.

The Maynard Walker and Hudson Walker galleries, both newly refurbished and the first-named in new and larger quarters at the old address, have put forward interesting early shows. Curt Valentin has returned to the Buchholz Gallery with some striking examples of the Nazi-styled "degenerate art" acquired from German Museum collections during the Summer. The Perls Galleries have assembled a noteworthy collection of late paintings by Frans Masereel, in what is perhaps the first such showing in this country. So, despite the war in Europe, the season is getting off to a flying start.

GLACKENS' DRAWINGS

AFTER THE BIG Glackens exhibition at the Whitney last year—an exhibition which is touring the country with great success—most of us might have thought that there was no more to be said at present on that American artist. But the collection of two score Spanish-American War drawings which the Kraushaars have assembled this month comprises a worthy foot-note on last year's comprehensive show. Glackens, dispatched to Florida to do illustrations for magazines, went to Cuba by troop ship and was with the army during the ensuing months of incisive conflict. The work presently shown makes up a chronicle of stirring days. Here are vignettes of busy ports throbbing with activities; of the shelling of Spanish strongholds from the sea; of the landing of men under fire; of the homely quotidian incidents of soldiers' lives.

Make no mistake: these are more than illustrations. They are beautiful drawings of intrinsic merit—spirited, free, many of them sketches of real beauty. Examples like *The Mule Drivers* and *The Morning after San Juan* are not to be dismissed cavalierly as "illustration," for they possess permanent value.

ANTI-NAZIS AND A BELGIAN

AMONG THE WORKS which Curt Valentin brought back are a bronze kneeling figure of a woman by Picasso (1907), which is to be included in the Picasso exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. Additional interest attaches to the piece through its purchase from the late Ambroise Vollard a few days before the death of that celebrated collector and connoisseur. A splendid Lehmbruck bronze, *Sturmende Mann*—formerly in the Duisberg Museum, and a strangely affecting Max Beckmann, *The Woman Taken in Adultery*, formerly at Mannheim, are other notable examples. The Beckmann is notable for striking incidental figures and also for the eloquent pattern of

hands which together help to give the composition such centripetal force. An odd carved and painted wood panel by Gauguin, of two Tahitian figures, provides an exotic note.

The Masereel show at the Perls Galleries this month brings a unique Belgian artist before the American public. Four years ago I saw a large collection of Masereel's earlier paintings and his better known prints at the Museum of Modern Western Art in Moscow. Evidently such work as the famous story in wood cuts, *The Idea*, and other pieces with pronounced social content, had endeared him to the Soviet authorities as his powerful draftsmanship and the possibilities of adaptation in poster-like effects must have endeared him to



FRANS MASEREEL: GIRL
ON THE JETTY. PAINTED
IN 1937. SEEN AT PERLS
GALLERY, NEW YORK

the contemporary Russian artists.

But this work of the last few years reveals considerable divergences from the earlier work. The same solidity and strength are in these figures which dominate sizable canvases, but his palette has undergone a change. Color is deeper and more broken up. Unlike his countrymen Ensor and Rops, who are also relatively little known here, Masereel has more definite points of contact with contemporary American art than many European artists. The *Nude* from the Crowninshield collection is not wholly foreign to certain work by McFee; scenes, figures and subjects may seem not entirely unfamiliar to admirers of our own Henry Varnum Poor and Waldo Peirce. His street scenes are graphic bits, weirdly lighted, with neon reflection on the figures arrestingly managed to avoid the literalness of making use of the actual lights. Maserel's work has tremendous impact and promises to stir much interest.

ELOF WEDIN

HUDSON WALKER presented Elof Wedin, who long worked as a steam fitter in Minneapolis, at one of the gallery's first New York exhibitions more than two years ago. In the intervening

period Wedin has worked to good effect. A new subtletizing of color and surfaces is especially to be noted in certain of the still-lifes and in the appealing portrait of the artist's young son. Landscapes still reveal Franco-Scandinavian influences but are approaching nearer to recognizable stature of their own. Several large portraits of women show that he has worked away from stiffness and posed results. Wedin has made a distinct advance—more than enough to justify his sponsor. It is earnest and sincere painting.

THIRTEEN AT MAYNARD WALKER'S

THE BEST AVAILABLE examples of paintings by thirteen American artists who show at the galleries were grouped in Maynard Walker's opening exhibition. Curry has completely repainted his *Fugitive* of 1934. Changes in the composition, the color and the highlighting bring out more effectively the desperate plight of the treed Negro while the dog-led posse scours the countryside. Vaughn Flannery, a newcomer to the group, offers *Item 9*, a delightfully brushed reminder of the day when \$5,000 was paid at auction for a promising colt who became *Man-o'-War*. (Both these canvases have been invited to the Carnegie International.) Other outstanding paintings in the



MAX BECKMANN: WOMAN TAKEN IN ADULTERY (1917). FROM MANNHEIM MUSEUM. NOW AT BUCHHOLZ GALLERY, NEW YORK

group are Andrée Ruellan's clever Negro piece; Paul Clemens' *Ruth with Flowers* which holds its own with pretty much anything in Clemens' last year's show, even if the artist's facility leads the beholder to hope for more ambitious work in the future; and Lee Townsend's *The Suitcase*, another of his jockey still-lifes with subtler color and more careful discrimination of texture than has always been true of this artist.

SCULPTURE IN LIMITED EDITIONS

THE ROBINSON GALLERIES are continuing the program launched last year of presenting sculpture in limited editions, priced at from \$10 to \$100. Pieces by Zorach, Wheelock, Maldarelli, Flanagan, Laurent and a score of others are now available in a variety of materials. The initial move this Fall has been for a tie-up with decorators to whom the appeal is made of relatively inexpensive pieces of contemporary sculpture in modern décor—a potentially important outlet for the enterprise.

A second venture in a similar field is that of the Dorothy Paris Workshop which makes terra cotta reproductions in a variety of colors from moulds taken from the originals. A number of the same sculptors are represented and some twenty in all are on the list at present. The opening exhibition at the galleries of Raymond and Raymond has excited considerable attention.—HOWARD DEVREE.

MIES VAN DER ROHE

THE CITY OF Buffalo is reputed to be a pioneer in the field of modern architecture: an early part of its State Hospital was designed by H. H. Richardson; with the Prudential Building Louis Sullivan made one of his earliest attempts to develop a new type for the modern office building, and around 1900 Frank Lloyd Wright was called to Buffalo to build the Larkin Building and a few private houses. It is in accordance with this reputation that the Albright Art Gallery, as one of the first museums of the country, offers an exhibition of photographs, plans and designs showing the work of Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, known as a distinguished avant-gardist of modern architecture, and today one of the most highly respected leaders of the younger generation. Mr. Mies is a comparative newcomer to this country: he comes from Germany where for a short time he was Director of the famous Bauhaus in Dessau, as successor of Walter Gropius. Since 1938 he has been teaching architecture at the Armour Institute of Technology in Chicago.

As an artist, Mies van der Rohe represents one of those rare mixtures who are revolutionary in mind and conservative by nature. Born in 1886, he shows a rather slow development starting from strongly traditional concepts. And the number of buildings he did is comparatively small. However, each of his buildings represents a principal solution of the problem involved. In 1920 he offered a design for the first skyscraper in Berlin (it was never built): in this project he entirely abandoned the traditional pattern set by the American architects for this new type of building. He offered a rather radical solution: a structure to be built in concrete and to be covered from top to bottom with glass walls; a solution demonstrating



MY SON BY ELOF WEDIN, MINNEAPOLIS ARTIST WHOSE WORK WAS EXHIBITED LAST MONTH AT HUDSON WALKER'S IN NEW YORK CITY

in a principal way the change in the function of the outer wall from a supporting element into a mere skin. Later, he modified this fundamental solution into a more workable design with his study project for an office building to be erected in cantilever construction. The pattern of the façades, consisting of continuous strips of concrete spandrels and transparent glass areas soon became one of the most characteristic features of modern building.

The exhibition also shows a long series of study projects for country houses which was brought to a climax with the famous and well famed Tugendhat House, built in Brno in 1931, a structure demonstrating in a highly advanced example the change that took place in our time in the conception of space: that idea of space which was derived from mathematics and based on the laws of geometry, has been abandoned and replaced in modern building by a concept that knows of space as of life-space only.

The exhibition reveals once more the characteristic features and specific virtues the work of this great architect stands for: his form, finished and refined, is filled with greatness and dignity, and his designs reveal that fine and sensitive musical feeling that makes for good proportions. In short, the work of this architect shows those esthetic qualities which immediately appeal to the senses: qualities which, unfortunately, in many works of modern architecture are still missing. It is to be hoped that Mr. Mies will find in this country the opportunity which will enable him further to develop his extraordinary gifts.—WALTER CURT BEHRENDT.



William Dunlap: *The Artist Showing His First Picture to His Parents*, oil. In the current exhibition at the Addison Gallery, Andover

NEWS AND COMMENT

Precautions

IF THE ART treasures of Europe are destroyed in the present holocaust, it will not be for lack of planning or care for their preservation. From all accounts an extraordinary degree of foresight has been coupled with mechanical skill in providing for their safe-keeping. Details are not available now, nor if they were would their publication be advisable. However, we do know that the entire contents of museums have been dispatched to bomb-proof cellars, stained-glass windows removed from churches and cathedrals, sculptures tucked away or stoutly bulwarked against attack. But there is little that can be done about the buildings themselves. The most serious threat is to the architecture of Europe, perhaps the greatest monument to its civilization. Palaces and cathedrals, the newer housing projects and the superb modern edifices—all stand as targets in a war that has already demonstrated the destructive power of aerial bombardment.

Ironically, while much of the rest of Europe was putting

away its ornaments and almost on the eve of conflict, the Prado masterpieces, fugitives from another war, were quietly returned to a scarred but peaceful Madrid.

American Vasari

THE WILLIAM DUNLAP display at the Addison Gallery, Andover, Massachusetts, reveals a versatile personality of the Early Republic in his capacity as painter and critic. Dunlap's own work is juxtaposed with paintings by his contemporaries, and accompanying the latter are his criticisms. Frequently referred to as the "American Vasari" Dunlap is honored more for his book, *History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States*, than for his talents as a painter. Therefore the Addison Gallery would seem wise in offering the exhibition as a cross section of the period rather than purely a one-man show.

Besides Dunlap's portraits, miniatures, water color landscapes and scenes of the theatre, there are included the follow-

ing works by others of his time with his comment: *Portrait of George Gibbs, Sr.*, by Gilbert Stuart, *The Sortie from Gibraltar* by John Trumbull (preliminary drawing and two oils), *Ariadne* by John Vanderlyn, *Portrait of Mayor Aaron Clark* by John Wesley Jarvis, *Portrait of Miss Sarah Dunant* by Thomas Sully, *Christ Healing the Sick* by Washington Allston, *The Kitchen Corner* by Charles R. Leslie, *Portrait of Mrs. James Jones* by Charles C. Ingham, *Gallery of the Louvre* by Samuel F. B. Morse, *Picnic in the Catskills* by Henry Inman, *Roman Aqueduct* by Thomas Cole.

Dunlap, according to Isham, was born in Perth Amboy in 1776, an only child of well-to-do parents. His pampered upbringing may have had something to do with his dilettante proclivities, which seem to have been at odds with his enormous capacity for hard work. After a somewhat haphazard early education he went to London in 1784, where he sought the kindly wing of Benjamin West. Four years later he concluded a not too fruitful visit, and returned to enter business with his father. From then on Isham describes his career as including, besides business, "literature, leasing a theatre, acting as assistant paymaster of the army, alternated with the painting of miniatures, portraits and great religious compositions."

To the catalog for the Addison Gallery exhibition Winslow Ames, Director of the Lyman Allyn Museum at New London, Connecticut, supplies notes on Dunlap as painter, while Jane

Above: Henry Inman: *Picnic in Catskills* (Brooklyn Museum). Below: Washington Allston: *Christ Healing the Sick* (Worcester Museum). Paintings by two artists Dunlap greatly admired. From "William Dunlap, Painter and Critic," on view at the Addison Gallery





PHOTOS COURTESY SECTION OF FINE ARTS

Above: Mitchell Siporin: Mural design for Post Office at St. Louis. This panel depicts the defense of St. Louis against the British in 1780, George Rogers Clark expedition, and migration of Daniel Boone into Missouri from Kentucky. Siporin was joint winner of a national open competition for this decorating job, to be executed in fresco. The panels will measure 9 x 29 feet. Below: Mitchell Siporin: Detail of another panel

T. Johnson contributes comment on his criticism. In somewhat contradictory fashion Mr. Ames attributes "perhaps to the endless antipathy between the critical and the creative faculties" Dunlap's failure to reach the front rank as playwright or painter. But further on he describes him as "hardly inventive" and there is little evidence that Dunlap's creative faculty was sufficiently strong to war violently with his critical faculty.

In commenting on Dunlap's work Mr. Ames speaks particularly of the quality of his miniatures, principally of members of his family. But his is rather a back-handed compliment, for he says, "If all Dunlap's product had been so good, we could have said that he was not only a noble servant of the arts, but their master."

Postponed

FOR OBVIOUS reasons the Committee on Organization of the Fifteenth International Congress of Architects voted to postpone indefinitely the Congress scheduled to convene in Washington, D. C., September 24. The decision was made with the concurrence of the Secretary-General of the Permanent International Committee of Architects in Paris.

In a statement issued by Charles D. Maginnis, President of the American Institute of Architects, the Committee announced its intention to resume its work "as soon as world conditions improve to an extent which would justify the convening of the Congress." Mr. Maginnis also voiced the generally shared regret over the international situation which forced this decision and expressed the hope that the Institute would have the opportunity to welcome an internationally representative group of delegates at some nebulous future date.

The postponement, however, did not alter plans for the Seventy-first Convention of the American Institute of Architects, which was scheduled to be held in Washington at the time of the Congress. The revised program retained as many as possible of the features designed for the Congress, including an exhibition of "The Architecture of the Americas," held in conjunction with other exhibits at the Corcoran Gallery of Art, and an exhibition of plans, pictures and models illus-



trating the development of the National Capital from the time of its origin to the present day.

New Post for Meyric Rogers

THE TRUSTEES of the Art Institute of Chicago have announced the appointment of Meyric R. Rogers, former Director of the City Art Museum of St. Louis, Missouri, as Curator of Decorative Arts and Curator of the newly created Department of Industrial Arts. He succeeds Miss Bessie Bennett, who headed the Department of Decorative Arts for years until her death in March, 1939. Mr. Rogers' appointment in these fields assumes added importance since Chicago is rapidly becoming one of the centers for the study and development of industrial and applied arts in this country.

Mr. Rogers is not only accomplished but he is widely experienced in museum work. Born in England, he became a citizen of the United States in 1920. He graduated from Harvard in 1916, where he specialized in the History and Practice of the Fine Arts. Three years later he received the degree of Master of Architecture from the same university. He served as Assistant in the Decorative Arts Department at the Metropolitan Museum, later becoming Assistant Curator. He was Professor of Fine Arts at Smith College from 1923 to 1925 and Associate Professor of Fine Arts at Harvard in 1926 and 1927. Subsequently he became Director of the Baltimore Museum,

a post which he left in 1929 to take up his appointment in St. Louis.

As we go to press we have not heard who will take Mr. Rogers' place in St. Louis.

Expansion in Oregon

THE PORTLAND (Oregon) Museum announces simultaneously a new bequest (the Ella Hirsch Fund), a new wing doubling the capacity of the building, and a new director (Robert Tyler Davis, who assumed his duties on September 15).

The Museum is now in a position to build up its collection, thanks to the generosity of its benefactor. Part of the Ella Hirsch Fund was allocated for erection of the new wing and to provide for its maintenance. What remains will serve as a purchase fund, the policy of its administrators being to emphasize the acquisition of contemporary and Chinese works of art.

Let us hope that the Museum will also use its funds to encourage the artists of the Northwest through discriminating purchases made in its own region.

A Large Commission

TWO YOUNG Chicago artists, Edward Millman and Mitchell Siporin, submitted a collaborative scheme which won for them the open anonymous national competition for decoration of

the new St. Louis, Missouri, Post Office, and incidentally the largest mural commission ever given by the Section of Fine Arts. While they developed the subject matter together, each will execute his own panels in true fresco, Mr. Millman's work occupying the south wall of the building, Mr. Siporin's, the north wall. The entire mural scheme when complete will include nine large panels, each twenty-nine feet wide by nine feet high, and four small panels. The total wall space to be covered is 2,913 square feet. The sum of \$29,000 will be paid for the decoration, which includes all costs of material and execution.

The jury which made the awards consisted of Ward Lockwood, William Gropper and Howard Cook, artists, and Walter L. Rathmann, architect of the building. After the jury had agreed unanimously on the winning designs, its three painter members reviewed again the work submitted by the two hundred and fourteen other competitors. From these they singled out thirty-seven designs, recommending the artists for future mural commissions by the Section.

College Art Meeting

THE COLLEGE ART ASSOCIATION recently concluded its Twenty-eighth Annual Meeting, in New York City. Distinguished by the high calibre of the papers read by leading scholars in the field, the sessions were held at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Pierpont Morgan Library, the Museum of Modern Art and the Frick Collection, as well as at the Institute of Fine Arts of New York University, which served as headquarters. Visits were made to other art centers in the city, and to the New York World's Fair. On the whole it is said to have been the most successful meeting held by the Association for many years.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President—Ulrich Middeldorf, Acting Chairman of the Art Department of the University of Chicago; Vice-President—Charles R. Morey, Chairman of the Department of Art and Archeology at Princeton University; Secretary—Rensselaer Lee, Chairman of the Department of Art at Northwestern University; Treasurer—Mark Eisner, of the Board of Higher Education, New York City.

Above: Edward Millman: Detail of one St. Louis Post Office panel. Below: Edward Millman: Mural design for a complete panel, depicting the drama of the water front when river traffic was at its height, with the music of the Negroes, flat boats and steamers, and fishing along the banks of the Mississippi. Millman and Siporin worked out the subject matter jointly but each artist will execute his own panels on opposite lobby walls



PHOTOS COURTESY SECTION OF FINE ARTS



LETTER FROM LONDON

AS ORIGINALLY WRITTEN the Letter from London formed part of Mrs. Carter's article published last month, following immediately her discussion of painting and sculpture. Limitations of space and a wish to cover temporary exhibitions promptly led us to present her material in installments.

We hope that Mrs. Carter can continue to send us Letters at frequent intervals. As yet we do not know whether her own circumstances, conditions in London, or means of communication will make it possible.—EDITOR.

ARCHITECTURE

THE LATEST ARCHITECTURAL achievements of the firm of Tecton are successful examples of their flexibility and range. A municipal health centre and a luxurious penthouse are obviously A and Z of a gamut that has included zoo buildings and bombproof shelters.

Finsbury is a borough of London: the smallest but one and also the second most overcrowded. These integers combined with obstructive private enterprise have produced a high percentage of slum area. But Finsbury also possesses an unusually enlightened and responsible Borough Council. Despite the limitations of their statutory powers and the opposition of the local landlords, they are proceeding with a program of slum rehabilitation, housing, the creation of open spaces for recreation, the organization and provision of health and social facilities: an ambitious program and one doubly impressive in the face of the difficulties that beset them.

The first part of this scheme to reach fulfillment is the housing under one roof of the various public health services which had previously been scattered over the borough. It is an example of Council's independence of conservative opinion that they selected a firm of modern architects to produce this building, and Tecton has justified their confidence. It is something of an achievement to satisfy the sociological needs and technical demands of such an institution as well as an architectural criterion. To one who has long since learned to consider clients' complaints as inevitable, the loudly voiced satisfaction of the staff with its new building is an impressive and welcome change. The design is straightforward. Two wings accommodate health services including clinics for the treatment of tuberculosis, foot ailments, pre-natal care, etc. These wings slant outwards from a central block in which are the reception hall and inquiry desk, a lecture theatre, staff restrooms and, in the basement, cleansing and disinfecting stations. It is apparent even to the unmedical eye that technical problems have been solved with efficiency. The routine of examination and treatment has been carefully studied and the plan evolved directly from its necessities. Instead of the usual dreary waiting-room with institutional benches, a large foyer into which light pours from its wall of glass bricks contains comfortable groupings of Finnish chairs and tables. A gayly painted mural on the opposite wall makes the absorption of health propaganda a pleasure. Cheerful colors have been used throughout so that even the dressing cubicles and treatment

rooms lose their bogey. The building is a concrete frame structure, faced with cream-colored tiles. On the sides of the wings, within thin teak divisions, windows alternate with insulating glass. The end walls of the wings are of solid concrete faced with the tiles. The central unit, which is somewhat shorter, has a convexly curved façade, faced on the ground floor with glass bricks in a projecting frame. Above is a sun terrace.

One might find fault with the heavy frame around the glass bricks which gives a somewhat squat appearance to the central unit, an effect heightened by the use of fat face lettering on the roof above and a rather outsize coat of arms over the entrance. But the building stands as an example of complete and successful cooperation between architect and client. The complexity of its function, the highly technical knowledge involved, mean that a clear and detailed expression of their needs by the clients was imperative, as was efficiency and understanding on the part of the architects.

In contrast to this is the luxurious penthouse, an addition to Highpoint II, the firm's latest block of flats. Containing in a compact plan only a large vaulted living and dining room, two bedrooms, bath and kitchen, it has utilized a varying height and the most beautiful view in London to give the effect of spaciousness. The use of curves both in the ceiling and the exterior walls emphasizes the feeling for freedom of form as against strict doctrinaire discipline that has been a characteristic of the work of Tecton. In decorative detail, the penthouse is equally unorthodox. Where less ingenious designers might have overplayed the view, they have not hesitated to obscure it at the entrance by means of wood panels which act as louvres admitting light but preventing outlook. The dramatic effect of the view is thus heightened when you enter the living room, where a long window running the width of the room frames the distant hills. Sandblasted and scorched pine boards with natural edges form the panelling on the fireplace wall. The mantelpiece itself is concrete, cast in shutters of timber so that it repeats in reverse the grain of the walls. The furniture is of rough-hewn pine constructed in a simple, articulated, almost peasant style and upholstered in cowhide on which the hair has been left. An ingenious open screen of poured concrete divides dining space from living room, but by the lightness of its construction preserves the feeling of continuous space. The partition itself is used for radio cabinet, bar and display shelves for objects.

There are several details that one might question: the *faux naïveté* of the furniture for which its comfort, clever construction and solidity do not quite compensate; the necessity for putting the book-cases in the dining room, although their placing there solves the problem of the difficult corners caused by the outward edges of a concave curve. On the other hand, the dining table is handsome as well as original, and the unself-conscious use of white iron-work chairs and a wall papered with Victorian prints lends ease to an interior which despite a strong stylistic statement, never seems rigid or affected.

—ERNESTINE CARTER.



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MUSIC FESTIVALS IN EUROPE

BY DAVID EWEN

A DISTURBED EUROPE, contemplating the possibility of war eruption at any moment, may not appear to be a happy scene for music festivals. Yet I found that the last festival season, which spanned the months from late Spring to late Summer, the final performances of which almost coincided with the outbreak of the European conflict, had extraordinary richness. What may prove to have been the last festival season that Europe will experience for some time to come, brought to a dramatic and eloquent close those wonderful years of music-making which for so long have enriched the experiences of American travelers visiting Europe during the summer months. The sphere of activity was somewhat more restricted this year than it had been in 1937, when I was last in Europe. Salzburg, now that it is in the hands of Nazi Germany, has joined Bayreuth and Munich as music centers, the glory of which, momentarily at any rate, is at an end. But if Bayreuth can never be duplicated elsewhere, at least for Salzburg and Munich there were this year admirable substitutes in festivals in England, France and Switzerland.

There was a magnificent festival of Mozart operas in Lewes, Sussex, in which there was achieved the most successful projection of Mozart on the stage that I have yet seen anywhere—Salzburg, Munich and Vienna not excepted. It is well known by this time that the Glyndebourne Festival in Lewes is the realization of a dream long harbored by its wealthy sponsor, Captain John Christie. For a long time he had aspired to present the operas of his favorite composer, Mozart, in an intimate setting. Finally, he built a well-equipped small theatre on the grounds of his spacious estate in Sussex, in the midst of some of the most beautiful garden landscaping to be found in southern England. He combed Europe's opera houses for outstanding Mozart interpreters. In 1934 he presented the first of his Mozart festivals. Its success was so great that they have been conducted annually ever since.

One ideal in creating his festival Captain Christie has clung to tenaciously, and its achievement makes Glyndebourne one of the most unusual opera houses in the world. He scrupulously avoided the star system. He has always insisted that no part of the festival should become greater than the whole. Few of the names featured at Glyndebourne, therefore, will strike responsive chords except with well informed American music lovers. Individual voices are never extraordinary, nor are there individual performances to startle and electrify. His aim was to select reputable artists whose work can be coordinated and integrated into a unified artistic design. The musical director is Fritz Busch, an eminent conductor, but one hardly likely to usurp the limelight of public attention. The production manager is Carl Ebert, one of the most astute students of the theatre in Europe. Together, Busch and Ebert

have combined their efforts to create a balanced whole, in which every element of the opera is harmoniously blended.

This year the Glyndebourne festival was inaugurated on June 1 with Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro* and was concluded on July 15 with Mozart's *Così fan tutte*. And in line with the new program of Glyndebourne to expand its repertoire, arrived at a year ago, there were also nine performances of Verdi's *Macbeth* and four of Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*.

Not all the performances at Glyndebourne achieved an equally high standard of artistic excellence. Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, for example, was unsuccessfully realized because it demands great female voices, and there are no great voices in Glyndebourne. Verdi's *Macbeth* appeared stilted and dated, hardly deserving of the care and attention it received. But at its best—and Glyndebourne was at its best in Mozart's *Figaro* and *Così fan tutte*, and in Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*—the performances reached a standard which, I am sure, no other opera house in the world can today duplicate.

The most striking feature of the best Glyndebourne performances was the beautiful adjustment achieved between stage action and musical performance. There were many details in the acting which brought new meaning to the text; and, curiously, these stage details often were coordinated with a rhythmic phrase, a pointed accentuation or a subtle harmonic figure in the score. It was as if Fritz Busch, the musical director, had made a thorough study of the libretto, while Carl Ebert, the production manager, had memorized the musical score; or, better still, as if musical director and production manager were one and the same person, fully equipped to fulfill both assignments. Music and action—particularly in *Figaro* and *Così fan tutte*—became inextricably blended with each other, underscoring each other, giving each other new import and subtle meaning.

But no less important was the success with which Glyndebourne achieved a lusty opera-bouffe style. They were not afraid at Glyndebourne to take themselves, and the opera, lightly—to burlesque, exaggerate, mimic—in short, to bring a briskness of pace, infectious zest, youthful vitality and good spirits to their playing. This is as Mozart's opera-bouffe should be played: for Mozart's love for buffoonery was one of his essential traits both as artist and as man.

Of individual performances it is not necessary to speak, for as I have already indicated it is the balance of the design, and not the significance of any one element which makes Glyndebourne performances extraordinary. John Brownlee and Risé Stevens (both known to the audiences of the Metropolitan Opera House) were among the better performers in *Figaro* and *Così fan tutte*; and to them should be added the names of Audrey Mildmay, Mariano Stabile, Salvatore Baccaloni, Irene Eisinger and Roy Henderson. Actually (though one is reluctant to focus attention on individual effort in perform-

ances that are so healthily balanced) the greatest measure of credit for Glyndebourne's success belongs, not to any of the singers, but to music-director Fritz Busch and production manager Carl Ebert.

A FESTIVAL of quite a different nature, but no less engrossing, took place in Haslemere, Surrey—a festival devoted to old music. It was conceived by eighty-year old Arnold Dolmetsch, the world-famous authority on old music, in 1925. Since that time once each year the numerous members of the Dolmetsch family and their pupils gather at Haslemere Hall for two weeks of music-making on old instruments, many of which were constructed by Dolmetsch himself in his workshop.

This year's festival, which began on the evening of July 15 and ended on the 29th of that month, consumed ten evenings and two afternoons of music-making. There were forty-five performers, all active pupils directly taught and inspired by Dolmetsch; but the nucleus of this ensemble consisted of members of the immediate Dolmetsch family. Like previous Dolmetsch festivals, the recent event included less familiar music by world famous composers: a suite for lute by Johann Sebastian Bach; a Divertimento for viola da gamba, oboe, violin, violoncello and harpsichord by Haydn; a sonata for treble recorder and harpsichord by Handel; a sonata for treble recorder and harpsichord by Telemann. But the greater part of the festival was devoted to composers whose names are, at best, only faintly familiar even to passionate devotees of the esoteric in music, composers whom Arnold Dolmetsch himself has resurrected after years of research in the *British Musician*. William Babell, an English composer of the eighteenth century, was represented by an extraordinarily imaginative concerto for recorder; the eighteenth-century Frenchman, Forqueray, appeared with several well written chamber works. Perotinus Magnus, of the twelfth century, proved to be the composer of some extraordinary instrumental fantasias—amazing examples of early instrumental writing. Other composers resurrected by Dolmetsch at the festival, and who proved to be major discoveries, were John Jenkins, Simon Ives, Thomas Tomkins, Ben Cosyns. Even characters from history emerged as reputable composers: Henry IV and Mary Stuart proved to be the authors of several poignant songs.

The performances were not always of a high standard. Rudolph Dolmetsch plays the harpsichord well, and Carl Dolmetsch is an amazing virtuoso on the recorder. But, more generally, the performances of the Dolmetsch family had a disturbingly amateurish quality. Yet not even inadequate performances could rob the festival of either its artistic significance or its esthetic appeal. To hear unknown music of the sixteenth century—some of it remarkable in character and originality—played on antique instruments was a pleasure to even the most fastidious music lover.

THE LUCERNE MUSIC festival, which began on August 3 and ended on the 29th, was founded two years ago as a substitute

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for Salzburg. Two alumni of former Salzburg festivals were originally included in the Lucerne programs: Arturo Toscanini directed half a dozen concerts and Bruno Walter was scheduled to conduct a Mozart-Mahler program which, unfortunately, was cancelled at the last moment due to a great personal tragedy that befell the conductor.

The first concert opened auspiciously on the evening of the third with an orchestral program comprising music by Beethoven, Debussy and Brahms directed by Toscanini. Thereafter until August 29 the music-making continued, with fifteen scheduled concerts devoted to symphonic, instrumental and church music.

There were unquestionably great concerts at Lucerne—those concerts directed by Toscanini, with particular emphasis on his eloquent projection of Verdi's *Requiem*, and magnificent solo performances by such masters as Rachmaninoff, Pablo Casals and Vladimir Horowitz. But the Lucerne festival cannot altogether escape criticism, particularly from those who knew and loved Salzburg. A festival should be something infinitely more than a series of good and great concerts. It should have a unity of purpose. In Salzburg, Mozart gave coherence to the variety of musical entertainment, just as it now does in Glyndebourne. In Lucerne, there was neither coherence nor design. But, if there is to be a substitute for Salzburg, there are admirable beginnings in Lucerne. There was, this year, a rich variety of musical fare—though one regretted the serious lack of any opera performances. What is needed is a more careful coordination of all the musical events on the program into a unified project. As a suggestion, it might not be amiss to place the emphasis on Wagner, since Lucerne has important Wagnerian associations. Lucerne might, thereby, become something of a blend of Salzburg and Bayreuth.

Of the Vichy music festival which consumed the entire summer it might be said that there was more quantity than quality. There were performances every day in the week, sometimes several times a day. But, with random exceptions, the performances were disconcertingly unappealing. One of the major exceptions was a performance of Moussorgsky's *Boris Godounoff* with Alexander Kipnis in the title role. This proved to be one of the most successful presentations that Moussorgsky's masterpiece has received anywhere since Chaliapin was in his prime.



Glyndebourne, Lewes, Sussex. Where Mozart Festivals were held

DECORATIVE CAST IRON

(Continued from page 587)

daring. (Illustrated in *MAGAZINE OF ART*, Sept., 1937, p. 552.)

In the vicissitudes of the century of its existence this fine example of the iron founders' art has lost some of its elements, such as the valance under the second floor line and the roof cresting. Fortunately, splendid examples of each remain on nearby houses; 701 Burgundy Street possessing a singularly beautiful cresting of lacy anthemions and honeysuckle motives, and the La Branche house having a beautiful valance band of oak leaves fringed with clusters of acorns. The oak motive is carried throughout the rich and effective pattern of the cast decoration of the three-tiered porch.

The use of architectural cast iron did not stop at attributes such as porches, railings, column capitals, etc., but finally came to embrace the whole surface of the front wall. Such usage is extolled in *The Advantages of Iron Fronts for Buildings* published by the Aetna Iron Works of New York in 1877. On the second page of this publication it is declared that "whatever moulding is good in stone, . . . is also good in iron. If ancient examples of cornices and capitals, and ornaments generally, are deemed best for stone, then they are best for iron also."

The booklet, however, condemns the sanding and marbleizing of iron work to increase its resemblance to masonry. Examples of iron façades can be seen in *Illustrations of Iron Architecture*, which gives 1842 as the date of the first "structure of Iron ever seen in America."

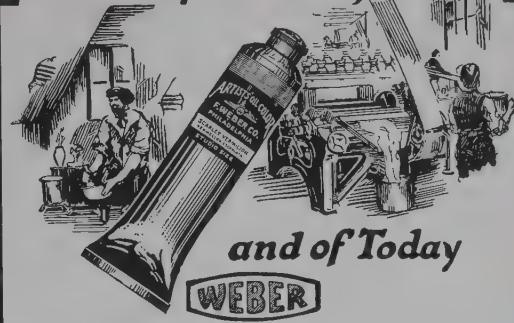
With the premise advanced by the former publication, it is not surprising to see in the latter house fronts formed of iron plates cast to resemble rusticated stonework, with arcades, columns, and pilasters employed for enrichment. Curiously enough, some of these structures possess considerable beauty, especially those which cover a very large site and have four or five stories of superimposed orders or arcades, a full entablature accenting each floor line. Precedent used by the designers is to be found in Venetian examples such as the Vendramini and Pesaro Palaces. This source may be due to the publication in New York in the 1850's of Ruskin's *Stones of Venice* and *Seven Lamps of Architecture*. These illustrate details of such buildings and in his chapter, "Superimposition," Ruskin lauds the tiered orders of the Venetian palaces, both medieval and renaissance.

However reluctant the critic may be to admire these cast-iron descendants of the Vendramini, he cannot but enjoy the excellent proportions and beautiful detail of the cast-iron loggia on the Jonah Thompson house in Alexandria, Virginia. This is said to have been cast in a local foundry for the iron master himself who had seen the cinquecento loggias of Italy and desired to keep them fresh in his memory by reproducing one on the garden front of his dwelling.

No discussion of the use of cast iron in the United States can be complete without referring to the dome of the Capitol

(Continued on page 605)

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NEW BOOKS ON ART

Craven's Treasury

A Treasury of American Prints. Edited by Thomas Craven. New York, 1939. Simon & Schuster. Price \$3.95.

THIS BOOK CONTAINS an even hundred prints, some of them first-rate, by many of America's best known artists. The reproductions are exceptionally accurate and display the qualities and textures peculiar to the various media almost as well as the originals.

With a few exceptions the selection has been limited to works by those artists who are concerned with the depiction of various aspects of the abundant life which animates all conditions of present day existence in this country.

This interest in indigenous subject matter is not new in the history of American art, though it has been made to seem so by the momentum it has gathered through the addition of many new recruits, and by the publicity which has in the past few years been disseminated about the movement, especially in its more obvious forms. Its principal vocal organ is the author of the Introduction—Thomas Craven.

A good many of the artists included in this group, through the natural bent of their talents and an innate sense of direction, used the great American life-drama for their material long before the social scene became a much-touted fashion. Some of them, such as Sloan, Costigan and Higgins, are veterans in this field, having painted and drawn admirable genre works for a generation or more. The fine etching, *Turning out the Light*, by John Sloan, in this collection, is dated 1905, and is one of many in the series of excellent genre works

produced by this American artist before and since that date.

Those who have read Mr. Craven's other productions and are acquainted with his autobiographical first-person-singular style, probably have gathered that the author has the usual opportunist's ability for smelling out the direction in which the gustiest winds of art are blowing. During the era when it was considered *de rigueur* for an American artist or art critic to be French, Mr. Craven did his best to be super-French. When the vanes veered and it was incumbent upon the American artist to be American, Mr. Craven followed suit, not, however, until the cumulative effort of these first artists of the social scene had, through years of development, gathered such strength and momentum as to become unmistakably national in scope and able to travel under its own steam.

Mr. Craven, in the first paragraph of the Introduction, has named himself "historian and active participant" and views the present situation with satisfaction because some sort of battle has been waged and won.

It seems a pity that so many of these artists who have been "digging and delving in the American environment" cannot take this excellent material as they find it, undiluted and undeleted, without larding it over with malaprop wit or ill-considered satire. Swift's couplet, "All human race would fain be wits and millions miss for one that hits" is quite as sadly true in the field of painting as in literature. Most of these examples of wit and satire are of such a puerile nature that they, or drawings of the same witty stature, would certainly be turned down flat by our current wit-purveying periodicals.



John Sloan: Turning out the Light. Etching, 1905. One of Thomas Craven's Selections for his Treasury of Prints



Howard Cook: *Merry-Go-Round*. Lithograph. Another Craven Selection for the recently published Treasury of American Prints

A very emulable artist of the American scene, whose beautiful canvases of midwestern life have been much exhibited and reproduced of late is George Caleb Bingham. From a great knowledge and love of his people and his surroundings, from acute observation and a sure instinct for the compositional requirements of his subject matter, Bingham evolved, through the mysterious alchemy of a naturally endowed genius, a system of design which for dignity and restrained power approaches that of one of the most astute of old masters—Poussin. The characters with which he peopled his canvases are as alive today as they were eighty years ago. Indeed the present-day shanty-town dwellers and river men of the Mississippi and Missouri look, act and even dress practically as they are shown in Bingham's canvases.

It is a far cry from this artist's noble and poetic commentaries to those of the contemporary Missourian—Thomas Benton—whose concatenations of the more obvious American "props"—pumps, pot-bellied stoves, privies, poke-bonnets, wind-mills and bundles of clothes haphazardly stuffed with substance not of this earth—quirk their way through his paintings, through his prints and over his walls.

The best prints in this volume were made by artists who were not bent on blitting out dialect-skits of back-number minstrel-show variety, but were seriously concerned, as were Bingham, Mount, Homer, and other good American painters before them, with building up a full, well-knit design in vigorous drawing and assured technique, using as subject matter scenes and characters from the life-drama of which they themselves were a part.

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The results are such fine prints as Isabel Bishop's *School Girls*, Paul Cadmus' *Two Boys on a Beach*, Howard Cook's *Merry-Go-Round*, Charles Locke's *Water Front* and John de Martelly's *Give Us This Day*.

There are some notable omissions from the selection of print-makers, two of the most conspicuous being Robert Riggs and Harry Sternberg.—KARL FREE.

Essays by Charlot

Art from the Mayans to Disney. By Jean Charlot. New York, 1939. Sheed & Ward, Inc. Price \$2.

THE ARTIST who can understand and appraise art, and who can express himself as felicitously in words as in his chosen medium is probably the ideal art critic. Although Jean Charlot doubtless prefers to rest his case for the future on his frescoes, oils and lithographs, and is contemptuous of art

criticism (he calls it "a kind of postmortem trade") it may happen that his sympathetic, discerning and intellectual estimates of modern art will be his most substantial achievement.

Unless language were as natural a medium to him as paint he would certainly not have interrupted his creative activities during many years, to write and lecture about art. The articles and essays collected in this volume cover sixteen years; they have been published in Mexican and American periodicals, including the MAGAZINE OF ART, since 1923. In a few instances, notably Mexico of the Poor, his lyrical description of the people and their mode of life constitutes an end in itself, an exquisite bit of writing comprehensible to any reader. But the majority of the articles here republished are scholarly analyses which presuppose the reader's general knowledge of many phases of art, of techniques and aesthetic philosophies. Yet despite the depth of his knowledge Mr. Charlot escapes the dry-as-dust phraseology which is the pitfall of many scholars turned writers. He drives home innumerable important points with a fresh, witty turn of thought or a vivid illustration, calculated to keep the reader on the qui vive, as, for instance, "To have flowered into appetizing womanhood, Galatea must have started out as a very poor piece of sculpture."

One must not expect consistency, however. Mr. Charlot's articles are stronger when each is read for itself, than when the series is considered as an entity. It is unified, of course, by the author's individual style, by his sincerity and enthusiasm, and his consistency within the confines of each essay. But in reading two essays (which may have been written several years apart) one will find conclusions which cancel each other. Hence the reader must make allowance for the fact that Mr. Charlot changes his mind from time to time. For instance, in one essay, he says "true creation must start from nothing," and in another, "more painters were made conscious of their gift while making the rounds of the museums than while standing in front of beautiful sunsets."

Nor will one necessarily agree with all Mr. Charlot's theories, such as "the hypnosis in which the creative artist must dwell," or "the valid acknowledgment that the better the painter, the dumber he must be." Any number of historic examples arise to refute that detrimental notion.

Two of the best articles in the volume are those on Walt Disney, wherein the author turns aesthetic genealogist and traces Disney's artistic descent, not from the Mayans (as the title unwittingly suggests) but from the creator of the wild boar of Altamira. In all the critical estimates on cinematography, it would be difficult to find anything better than Mr. Charlot's. And he utters a warning of decadence which few people have thought of: apropos of successive mechanical inventions, adding color to the "archaic glory of these animated beings," he says, "We have already seen the seven dwarfs, emerging from their cave into the sunset, shed their flat Gothic livery for the contrasting light and shade of the High Renaissance!"—FLORENCE S. BERRYMAN.

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DECORATIVE CAST IRON

(Continued from page 601)

in Washington. This was designed by Thomas U. Walter, the gifted Pennsylvania architect and engineer. According to Glenn Brown's *History of the Capitol*, the dome was begun in 1855 and completed as far as the cornice of the peristyle by 1858. The architectural cast iron thus far was supplied by Poole and Hunt of Baltimore, and that of the dome itself, by James Beck another Baltimore iron founder. The dome may have been inspired by somewhat similar German structures which Walter had seen on an extensive trip abroad made in preparation for the building of Girard College in Philadelphia. Despite the undeniable merit and beauty of the dome, it illustrates the temptation that cast iron offered to overload the surface with meaningless ornament and to minimize structural integrity.

DRAWING THE WAR

(Continued from page 573)

rear. A full half circle, the moon overhead suddenly pales to the insignificance of a star. The horizon is a dawn of red sky, lighted with flashes of a thousand thunderstorms rolled into one, with each gunfire a burst of thunder. The screech of 75's; the camouflage over a 155 catches fire, still the whine of its shells continues as they go over you. There are 210 split tails—and away off that must be the roar of the twelve-inch naval railway guns."

My space for this article is used up. I have picked out six photographs of drawings of the forty I have, for the Editor to choose from. Somehow, it all seems very real to me today and between the lines I now see the meat I overlooked. These drawings are of notes not completed enough to hand in to G2D on deadline at Chaumont—which wiped the slate of yesterday's happenings, and made one look forward always to

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the panorama of tomorrow, for the Marne, the Vesle, St. Mihiel and the Argonne followed closely one upon another. Then I accompanied the Army of Occupation into Germany. I was discharged from service immediately on return to this country, and took six months on my own to put field notes in some sort of shape before it was too late.

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GROWTH OF WHITNEY MUSEUM

(Continued from page 567)

through the personal methods that so long have characterized its direction. In this strength also lies a possible weakness. That weakness, if it exists, would express itself in the acquisition and presentation of works of art through the pressure of friendship. How to maintain at one and the same time the warmth of friendship and the coolness of impartiality was not the problem when encouragement was uppermost. But we ask if it has not now become a paramount problem. Taking one gallery at random—the beautiful, large, new daylight gallery built over the old sculpture gallery—it illustrates our point. Has it been hung with the full realization that here are four walls on which any artist in America would be proud to find his picture? Has it been hung on a theory of color and harmony, or has it been hung with the idea that this shall be as perfect a gathering of twentieth-century American paintings as possible? It has been hung on a theory, so I am told. To fit the theory some paintings have been included which should be in the darkest corners of the Museum if such could be found. And this despite the fact that the Whitney Museum has in its employ a man who heretofore has proved himself particularly gifted in the matter of hanging.

With the addition of the new galleries the Museum is now more than ever an enviable place in which to have a painting or a piece of sculpture. From the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific there is not an artist who would not be glad to be represented. And in the past five years, thanks to the activities of the Government, many talents heretofore unknown, or practically unknown, in the metropolis have been brought out. This is a fact well-known to Mrs. Force because at no time has the Government had the benefit of a more energetic and able worker. (She was regional director of the P.W.A.P.) Does the Museum reflect what has been going on from the Atlantic to the Pacific? To an extent, of course, it does. Yet the question arises as to whether that very warmth of friendship that has brought about such sympathetic understanding of the work of American artists in whole districts near New York has prevented an energetic investigation of less personally known parts of the country.

The illustrations accompanying the text are alone sufficient to show the freshness of approach and the vitality of interest in American art that the Museum has always maintained. It seems to me that they also show some lack of what I might call geographical art research. Theoretically the artists of the country generally find their way to the metropolis of the country. The truth of that theory is no longer as sound as it once was. New forces have awakened throughout the country greater production of art, and have also supplied wider public and private markets. It is possible for an artist to live without bringing or sending his work to 57th Street or Fifth Avenue. If there is any truth in this contention, then indeed it is not

enough to explore the New York market and the neighboring artist centers. The necessity for further research, for an examination of the country as a whole, has arisen. With it has arisen the serious need (particularly at this hour, when the artists more than ever before must rely on their favorite institution to do even more than it has done in the past for the preservation of American civilization) of acquisitions which, whether by friends or not, hold their position in relation to the production of American art on a national basis.

It would be bad manners in the midst of this argument to mention the names of specific artists. Possibly it would not be rude to suggest to others the idea of looking through the present exhibition and speculating exactly why it is that some people are represented by two paintings which do not particularly supplement each other, while other people are not represented at all. Or we might look at certain pieces of sculpture and ask exactly what place they hold in any just estimate of American sculpture as a whole. The point need not be labored. The argument can easily be summed up. Given twenty-five years of invaluable generosity and experimentation, should the Museum now begin what is in essence its second quarter of a century by undertaking the difficult task that I have suggested? If it can do this without loss of warmth, the answer, it seems, would necessarily be yes.

OCTOBER EXHIBITIONS

(Continued from page 608)

PORLAND, OREGON

Portland Art Museum: 8th Annual Exhibition of Painting & Sculpture; Oct. 21-Nov. 19. Contemporary American Paintings; to Oct. 29.

Rhode Island School of Design Museum: Rhode Island Architecture; to Oct. 22.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Virginia Museum of Fine Arts: Sketches by Cari Melchers; Oct. 3-Nov. 3.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

City Art Museum: Glackens Memorial Exhibition (AFA); Oct. 1-29.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA
San Francisco Museum of Art: Paintings by Walt Kuhn; from Oct. 10. San Francisco Art Ass'n Annual Exhibition Drawings & Prints; from Oct. 18.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Seattle Art Museum: 25th Annual Exhibition by Northwest Artists. Paintings by Women Artists of Washington.

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

G. W. V. Smith Art Gallery: Mexican Arts & Crafts; Oct. 8-29. *Springfield Museum of Fine Arts*: Paintings by Fred Nagler; Oct. 10-29. Drawings by Denys Wortman; Oct. 17-Nov. 15.

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

Syracuse Museum of Fine Arts: 8th National Ceramic Exhibition.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Toledo Museum of Art: 18th International Water Color Exhibition; Oct. 1-29. Architectural Designs by L. Moholy Nagy.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Corcoran Gallery of Art: Water Colors & Monotypes by Maurice Prendergast; Oct. 24-Nov. 16.

Whyte Gallery: Paintings of Mexico by Mitchell Jamieson.

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

Lawrence Art Museum: Oils & Water Colors by Dwight Shepler; to Oct. 15. Prehistoric Rock Pictures; Oct. 20-Nov. 3.

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

Worcester Art Museum: Historic New England Prints; to Jan.

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Medieval Studies in Memory of A. Kingsley Porter

Edited by WILLIAM R. W. KOEHLER

A number of friends of the late Professor Kingsley Porter of Harvard University have here united in honoring his memory by a series of studies in the general field which claimed his mature interests. Among the authors are Myrtilla Avery, Kenneth Conant, Walter W. S. Cook, Chandler R. Post, Johnny Roosval, and Josef Strzygowski. Twenty-two of the essays are in English, six in French, six in German, and one in Italian. To the serious student of medieval art and architecture, the volume will prove to be one of the most important within recent times.—*Harvard-Radcliffe Fine Arts Series*.

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OCTOBER EXHIBITIONS

ALBANY, NEW YORK

Albany Institute of Arts & Sciences: Artists of Hudson River School; Oct. 4-21.

ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

Addison Gallery of American Art: William Dunlap, Painter & Critic; to Oct. 29. Paintings & Drawings by Donald Greason.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Baltimore Museum of Art: Art of the Medici; Oct. 7-Nov. 26.

Walters Art Gallery: Exhibition in Connection with Art of the Medici; from Oct. 6.

BOISE, IDAHO

Boise Art Association: Contemporary American Paintings from Phillips Collection (AFA); Oct. 1-23.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Museum of Fine Arts: Wood Cuts in Chiaroscuro. Etchings by Rembrandt. Lithographs by Redon. Prints by Durer, Goya. Water Colors by William Blake.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA

Montana State College: An American Group (AFA); Oct. 12-29.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Brooklyn Museum: Prints from Museum Collection; Oct. 7-28, Recent Accessions.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Albright Art Gallery: New Paintings & Sculptures for Room of Contemporary Art. Exhibition of Architecture—Mies van der Rohe; to Oct. 15. Three Centuries of American Architecture (from Museum of Modern Art); Oct. 1-22.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Art Institute of Chicago: Toulouse-Lautrec & the Moulin Rouge; from Oct. 5. Chinese Porcelains & Jades; to Oct. 29.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Cincinnati Art Museum: 46th Annual Exhibition; Oct. 7-Nov. 5.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Cleveland Museum of Art: Coralie Walker Hanna Memorial Exhibition; to Oct. 29. Wood Cuts & Blocks by Gauguin; Oct. 3-Nov. 12.

DALLAS, TEXAS

Dallas Museum: Spanish Painting. Texas Painting; Oct. 7-22.

DAYTON, OHIO

Dayton Art Institute: Industrial Design & Styling; Oct. 1-27.

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

Duke University: Egyptian Photographs (AFA); Oct. 5-26.

EASTON, PENNSYLVANIA

Lafayette College: Spanish Paintings by Wells Sawyer (AFA); Oct. 4-25.

ELMIRA, NEW YORK

Arnot Art Gallery: Life of The Iroquois Indians (AFA); Oct. 15-29.

GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN

Neville Public Museum: Water Colors & Paintings by Lorraine Dury; Oct. 1-25.

HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND

Washington County Museum: Masters of American Painting (AFA); Oct. 8-29.

IOWA CITY, IOWA

State University Gallery: Mestrovic Drawings.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Kansas City Art Institute: Oils from Milch Galleries.

KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI

Missouri State Teachers' College: Masters of American Painting (AFA); Oct. 8-29.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Foundation of Western Art: 7th Annual Exhibition California Graphic Arts.

Los Angeles Museum: American & European Samplers; to Oct. 16. California Water Color Show; Oct. 12-Nov. 19. Scandinavian Art; Oct. 12-26. John Hubbard Rich Exhibition; Oct. 1-31.

MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Currier Gallery: Paintings from Corcoran Biennial (AFA); Oct. 1-29.

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Brooks Memorial Art Gallery: Women Painters & Sculptors; Oct. 6-28. American Color Prints; Oct. 1-28. Handicrafts from Milwaukee WPA; Oct. 1-28.

MILLS COLLEGE, CALIFORNIA

Mills College Gallery: History of Printing; to Oct. 20. Abstract Art; Oct. 22-Nov. 29.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Milwaukee Art Institute: Tapestry Exhibit by Sarkis Nahigian; Oct. 9-29. California Water Color Society.

MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY

Montclair Art Museum: Work by Anna Fisher, Jean MacLane, Marian Sloane. Water Colors by Andrew Wyeth. Prints by Arthur Heintzelman.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Newark Art Museum: Modern American Paintings & Sculptures. 19th Century Style in Dress. Tibetan Art. Stella Retrospective Exhibition; to Nov. 5. Americana; to Oct. 29.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

Yale University Gallery of Fine Arts: New England Silver; to Sept. 10.

NEW YORK CITY

American Museum of Natural History, 77th St. & 8th Ave.: International Salon of Photography. Pictorial Photographers of America.

Arden Gallery, 460 Park Ave.: Chinese Objects from Imperial Palace; to Oct. 28.

Argent Galleries, 42 W. 57 St.: Paintings by Nell Choate Jones; Oct. 16-28. Water Colors by Dorothy Harrison.

Associated American Artists, 711 5th Ave.: Work by George Biddle; Oct. 4-18. Oils & Water Colors by Georges Schreiber; Oct. 19-

Nov. 6. New Series Etchings & Lithographs by Associated American Artists; to Oct. 25. *Babcock Galleries,* 38 E. 57 St.: Paintings by 19th Century & Contemporary American Artists.

Boyer Galleries, 69 E. 57 St.: Paintings, Water Colors & Drawings by Eilshemius.

Carroll Carstairs, 11 E. 57 St.: Equestrian Portraits by Edward Seago; Oct. 2-21.

Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57 St.: Centennial Exhibition of Paintings by Alfred Sisley.

Ferargil Galleries, 63 E. 57 St.: American Colonial Painting; to Oct. 15. Portraits by Chas. D. Williams.

Grand Central Galleries, 15 Vanderbilt Ave.: Founder's Show; to Nov. 7. Paintings by John Wenger; Oct. 3-14.

Folk Arts Center, 670 5th Ave.: American & Hawaiian Folk Arts.

Fifteen Gallery, 37 W. 57 St.: Works by Gallery Group; Oct. 16-28.

Kraushaar Galleries, 730 5th Ave.: Modern French & American Paintings; to Oct. 14. Drawings of Spanish American War by William J. Glackens; Oct. 16-Nov. 4.

William Macbeth Gallery, 11 E. 57 St.: Water Colors & Drawings by Andrew Wyeth; Oct. 10-30.

Perls Galleries, 32 E. 58 St.: Paintings, Water Colors by Frans Masereel; Oct. 9-Nov. 4.

Pierre Matisse, 51 E. 57 St.: French Moderns. *Metropolitan Museum of Art,* 5th Ave. & 82 St.: American Life for 300 Years; to Oct. 29. Contemporary American Paintings. Prints from Warburg Collection.

Milch Galleries, 108 W. 57 St.: Recent Paintings by Saul Schary; Oct. 16-Nov. 4. Selected Paintings by American Artists; to Oct. 14.

Montross Gallery, 785 5th Ave.: Paintings by Alex. Kreisel; Oct. 2-14. Joseph Hobert; Oct. 15-28.

Charles Morgan Gallery, 37 W. 57 St.: Lithographs Printed in Color by American Artists; to Oct. 11. Drawings & Gouaches by Victor de Pauw; Oct. 16-28.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36 St.: Special Exhibition from Permanent Collection.

Museum of the City of New York, 5th Ave. & 103 St.: New York Photograph Album Before 1900.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53 St.: Charles Sheeler Retrospective; Oct. 4-Nov. 1.

Neumann-Willard Gallery, 543 Mad. Ave.: Art of Yesterday, Today & Tomorrow; to Oct. 31.

New York Public Library, 5th Ave. & 42 St.: American Print-Makers. Recent Additions to Print Collection. Illustration in Manuscript.

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Drive: Paintings & Sculptures by European Women Artists; Oct. 18-Jan. 15.

Robinson Galleries, 126 E. 57 St.: Contemporary American Sculpture.

Schaeffer Galleries, 61 E. 57 St.: Old Masters.

Studio Guild, 730 5th Ave.: Paintings by Celine Backeland; to Oct. 14. Paintings by Rachel Mack Wilson; Oct. 2-14.

Tricker Galleries, 19 W. 57 St.: Ecclesiastical Art; to Oct. 14.

Hudson Walker, 38 E. 57 St.: Oils, Drawings & Prints by Orozco; to Oct. 14. Paul Mommers Oils; Oct. 16-Nov. 4.

Walker Galleries, 108 E. 57 St.: First One-Man Exhibition of Paintings by Daniel Celentano; Oct. 2-21.

Weyhe Gallery, 794 Lex. Ave.: Foreign & American Prints. Primitive Sculptures. Original Drawings.

Wildenstein & Co., 19 E. 64 St.: The Great Tradition of French Painting; to Nov. 1.

Yamanaka & Co., 680 5th Ave.: Ancient Chinese Stone Sculptures, Bronzes, Pottery.

Parkersburg, West Virginia

Fine Arts Center: Family Portraits & Early American Silver; Oct. 2-16. Sculpture by John Rood & H. P. Camden; Oct. 16-Nov. 1.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts: 37th Annual Water Color & Black & White Exhibition. 38th Annual Exhibition of Miniatures; Oct. 22-Nov. 26.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Carnegie Institute: Carnegie International Exhibition; Oct. 19-Dec. 10.

Pittsfield, Massachusetts

Berkshire Museum: Recent Paintings by Robert T. Francis; to Oct. 15.

(Continued on page 607)

INTERESTING ILLUSTRATED LECTURES FOR ART ACTIVITY PROGRAMS

THE Federation's Illustrated Lectures are planned for those schools, clubs, study groups, art associations and smaller organizations which cannot normally afford trained, personal lecturers. Each lecture is prepared by a qualified expert, illustrated with accompanying lantern slides.

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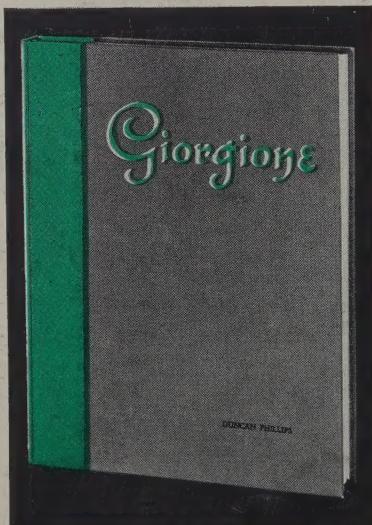
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